

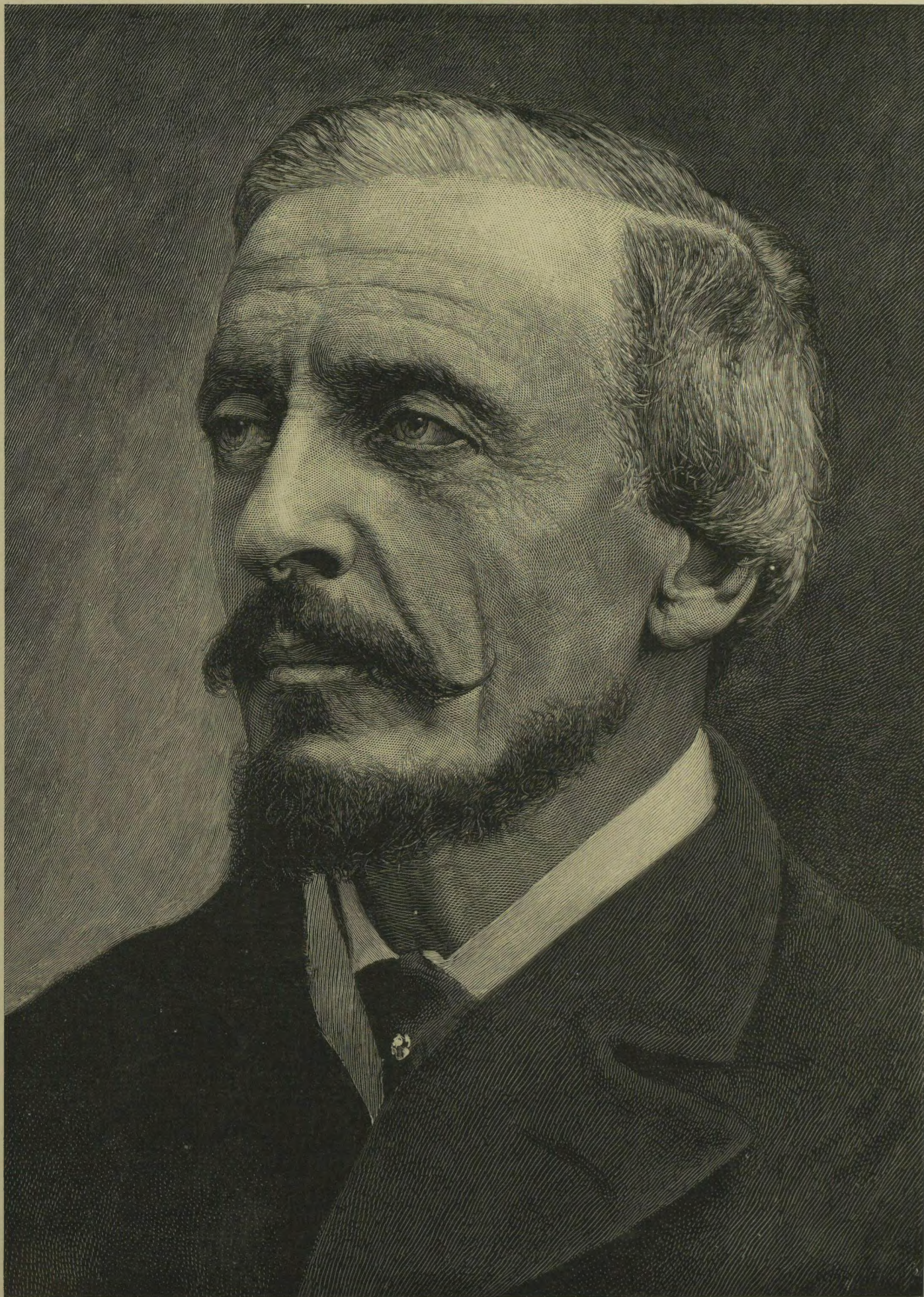
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3278.—VOL. CXX.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



THE LATE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

BORN, JUNE 21, 1826. DIED, FEBRUARY 12, 1902.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have lately seen a portrait of Dr. Kuyper, the Dutch Premier. He has a fine, open countenance, none of the lurking secretiveness you may notice in the eyes of some diplomatists. It is the face of a man of sentiment, and for the truth that there is nothing so noble as a man of sentiment we have the assurance of Sir Peter Teazle. Dr. Kuyper has never striven to conceal the impulses of his heart. Two years ago he wrote an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* heralding the downfall of British supremacy in South Africa. There was only one way for us to save something out of the wreck, say the eastern part of Cape Colony, and a few ports. We must acknowledge the "independence of a federated South Africa," federated, of course, under the beneficent control of Mr. Kruger. It was absurd to suppose that we could withstand the heroes of Majuba. Even the natives would rise and call Mr. Kruger blessed, for had not Sir Theophilus Shepstone massacred ten thousand of them, men, women, and children? This stroke pleases me above all, for it shows how competent Dr. Kuyper is not only to direct the foreign affairs of Holland and our foreign affairs as well, but even to edit the Rotterdam *Courant*.

As we have declined to withdraw to the eastern portion of Cape Colony, and beg the Boers to let us retain it on sufferance, the man of sentiment has suggested that we should send three beautiful Boer delegates from Holland to join in the nocturnal rambles of De Wet. That they had any wish to go seems to be doubtful; but although we are a notoriously inhuman people, we have too much regard for their personal comfort to propose such a dismal errand. The man of sentiment had pictured them weeping with joy on De Wet's bosom, and cheering him with the latest news from Rotterdam. That bright silver dream is shattered. But if Dr. Kuyper thinks that a brief absence from Holland would be good for the delegates, why does he not invite them to accompany him to Sumatra? If they cannot end the Boer War, which is in its third year, they might be more successful with the Achinese War, which is near its thirtieth. Dr. Kuyper might take with him a special correspondent of the Rotterdam *Courant*, who would explain that the Dutch have spent all this time in the vain attempt to subjugate the Achinese by military measures warranted not to injure a single non-combatant in person or property.

London has lost the shining presence of an inventive genius named Kaulitz, alias Farlow. He managed a factory called the "London Kabelcorrespondenz," which supplied German papers with particulars of our enormities in South Africa. This bright spirit has found it expedient to shift his quarters to Berlin, where the atmosphere should be more congenial. But some Germans are not proud of Kaulitz alias Farlow, for the *Cologne Gazette* has been showing up some of the most brilliant products of his imagination. Whether this criticism will interfere materially with his activities is doubtful, for his "Kabelcorrespondenz" appears to be as well-informed as ever, and to find a faithful market. I can believe that German residents in London are not inconsolable for his departure, though they are reticent in their disapproval of his methods, and of the "literature and art" which libel us in Germany. One of them writes to me that the libels are confined to the lowest class of journalism in his country. I refer him to the decisive evidence I have already given that they are not. Germans who live in Cape Town, I notice, do not suffer from that timidity which prevents their compatriots in this country from speaking out. They hold meetings to condemn the abominable lies of the "civilised world." But no sooner was it proposed to hold a meeting of the Germans who live and thrive in London, than the project was extinguished. A German paper said that any Germans who should meet in London to vindicate British honour would "cut themselves off from the Fatherland." A dreadful prospect! But why has it no terrors in Cape Town? A correspondent in New South Wales, by the way, sends me a copy of the *Sydney Bulletin*, in which it is affirmed (amid other wild nonsense) that Boer homesteads are now systematically burned by the British, and their inmates left to perish on the veld. This may explain why the Federal Parliament gave a unanimous vote for the protest against slanders on the troops. Five votes were given against the war, and may be taken as the measure of Colonial opinion in favour of the *Bulletin's* argument that the Boers have a right to Natal and Cape Colony. No doubt the Australian aborigines have a right to edit the *Bulletin*.

I have just been looking into a very interesting book which Mr. Grant Richards has published this week. Here is a passage about a certain war in which we are not concerned: "Resistance must be stamped out. The first and all-important work to be done is to establish the supremacy of our flag. We must put down armed resistance before we can accomplish anything else, and there should be no parleying, no faltering in

dealing with our foe. As for those in our own country who encourage the foe, we can afford contemptuously to disregard them; but it must be remembered that their utterances are not saved from being treasonable merely by the fact that they are despicable." Perhaps I had better say that this strong language is not directed to any address in the British Empire. It is President Roosevelt's opinion of the American opponents of the Philippine War, and I take it from his book which is called "The Strenuous Life."

Here is another strenuous bit: "I have scant patience with those who fear to undertake the task of governing the Philippines, and who openly avow that they do fear to undertake it, or that they shrink from it because of the expense and trouble; but I have even scantier patience with those who make a pretence of humanitarianism to hide and cover their timidity, and who cant about 'liberty' and the 'consent of the governed,' in order to excuse themselves for their unwillingness to play the part of men." How thankful all our politicians must be to reflect that such a rebuke could never be addressed to them! But surely there is some mistake in the passage which follows. I rub my eyes when I read this: "England's rule in India and Egypt has been of great benefit to England, for it has trained up generations of men to look at the larger and loftier side of public life. It has been of even greater benefit to India and Egypt. And finally, and most of all, it has advanced the cause of civilisation." There are some serious misprints here. What Mr. Roosevelt means is that Holland's rule in her East Indies has benefited mankind, and that the larger and loftier side of public life was nobly exemplified by the Hollanders who helped Mr. Kruger to dispose of the "pickings" in the dear departed Republic of the Transvaal.

I suppose few people in this country know anything about the young French girl. Miss Hannah Lynch tells us in the *Nineteenth Century* that an industrious chronicler in Paris has compiled a great book about the young French girl's views of life. It is designed to confound M. Marcel Prévost, who wrote a wicked story to her discredit, though, if I remember rightly, even M. Prévost was careful to introduce a model young woman. But she was sublimely ignorant, and the virgins in the book described by Miss Lynch are very wise. Their lamps are always burning, and they shudder at the manners of a certain people in a miserable island across the Channel. Russia they do not mind, for the Russian alliance makes Tolstoy "a writer of grace and wit"; but they abhor the English language as "an impossible tongue, 'which makes you pronounce Liverpool when you want to say Manchester.'" This shows that the spirit of American humour penetrates even a French convent school. Do not mining camps out West still laugh at the Englishman who spells his name Cholmondeley, and pronounces it Beauchamp? The French maiden disapproves of the habit of shaking hands because it is English, and therefore "anti-Nationalist." How, then, does the wise virgin indicate her pleasure at meeting an acquaintance who has not the right to kiss her on both cheeks in the strictly patriotic manner?

This is a predicament that should engage the attention of the Chamber of Deputies and the Academy. In all the French novels I have ever read these twenty years, no men who are moderately well acquainted with one another ever meet without the most vigorous handshake. Clearly this is a base English custom which must be abandoned. Why not rub knuckles? Ponies rub noses together when they feel sociable. The French virgin might shyly present her knuckles to be rubbed by the visitor. Then she would trim her lamp, and he would trim his moustache, and they would pass naturally into conversation about the habits of the brutal English, who believed in Dreyfus and are "exterminating" the Boers. Miss Lynch complains that the young French girl never feels "the bewildering passion and indignation that drove George Sand into revolt." Let her idealise the French knuckle in contrast with the coarse British palm, and her revolt will make us feel still more acutely that we are cut off from the comity of nations.

The wise virgin in China must trim her lamps, but she need no longer bind her feet. This appears to be the substance of the wisdom the Dowager Empress has gained from her recent political studies. When the ladies of the European Legations resumed their visits of ceremony to the Court at Peking, the Empress confessed with tears that her attempt to take their lives was "a terrible mistake." This may be the meaning of the new decree against foot-binding, although the Chinese virgin cannot help remarking that the feet of the Empress have always enjoyed their natural freedom. "Heed not binding obligations for your feet, but heed them for your conscience," should be a golden rule for Chinese women. The Empress would have no difficulty in proving that it comes from Confucius; but her own application of it may tempt the Legations to rely less upon Confucius than upon their military armament.

THE LATE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

Early on the morning of Feb. 12 a great diplomatic career—one of the most distinguished, indeed, in our recent annals—came to a close with the death of the Right Honourable Frederick Temple Blackwood, Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. It were unseemly in the light of the late Marquis's pre-eminent services to his country to dwell upon the somewhat melancholy circumstances which clouded the later days of a remarkable life, for through no flagrant act of his own was Lord Dufferin associated with a financial misfortune which even now is the subject of public inquiry. The legal position, in fact, of that affair at the present moment makes comment, whether critical or apologetic, alike impossible. It is a more gracious task to recall the main incidents of the life which began on June 21, 1826. Lord Dufferin was the only son of Price, fourth Baron Dufferin, and Ellen Selina, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, the future Ambassador succeeded to his father's title in 1841, while still a minor. For some years he was a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen during Lord John Russell's first Premiership, and during this period he paid a visit to Ireland, then suffering from famine. He published his experiences in "A Narrative of a Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen." The year 1855 saw him specially attached to Lord John Russell's mission to Vienna, and four years later came his voyage to Iceland, commemorated in the well-known "Letters from High Latitudes." In 1860, Lord Palmerston sent him to the East as British Commissioner in Syria, to prosecute inquiries into the massacre of the Christians. His services on that occasion won him his first public distinction, a K.C.B. The succeeding years saw him yet more intimately versed in high politics. From 1864 to 1866, he was Secretary of State for India, and immediately thereafter Under-Secretary for War. In Mr. Gladstone's second Administration he held the combined offices of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Paymaster-General, in which he continued until his appointment, in 1872, to the Governor-Generalship of Canada. The summer of 1876 was memorable for his tour in company with Lady Dufferin through the Dominion. In February 1879, he was succeeded in Canada by the Marquis of Lorne, and proceeded to St. Petersburg as British Ambassador. After two years' service, he was transferred to Constantinople, and in 1882 he was placed at the head of affairs in Egypt, and charged with the settlement of the questions incident on the revolution of Arabi Pasha. The Viceroyalty of India followed, and in 1888 he became British Ambassador at Rome; and in 1891 he was accredited to the Embassy at Paris. In the French capital he enhanced his already great reputation. In 1850 he was created an English Baron; in 1871 an Earl of the United Kingdom, and in 1888 Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. He was a D.C.L. of Oxford, an LL.D. of Harvard. He held the same degree from Dublin. From 1889 to 1892 he was Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, and in 1891 he was appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Among his most valuable writings are "Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland," "Mr. Mills's Plans for the Pacification of Ireland Examined," and "Contributions to an Enquiry into the State of Ireland." The late Marquis edited a collection of his mother's poems, which, in their detached form, had won a wide popularity. His speeches and addresses were collected in 1882 by Mr. Henry Milton, and in 1890 Sir Donald Wallace edited the former Viceroy's "Speeches in India." In 1862 Lord Dufferin married Harriot, eldest daughter of the late Captain Archibald Rowan Hamilton. His eldest son, Lord Ava, lost his life in the South African War.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE AGREEMENT.

A Blue-Book published by the Foreign Office contains the text of an important Agreement arrived at between the British and Japanese Governments with regard to China and Korea. The motive of the treaty is self-declared as "a desire to maintain the *status quo* and general peace in the Extreme East." This is to be done mainly by an undertaking between Great Britain and Japan to uphold "the independence and territorial integrity of the Empire of China and the Empire of Korea," and to secure "equal opportunities in those countries for the commerce and industry of all nations." The Agreement came into force on the date of its signature, which was Jan. 30 last, and is to be held good for five years, and, after that, with one year's notice to terminate on either side. This important and pacific document—the framing of which was successfully kept secret until the time of official publication—bears the signature of the Marquis of Lansdowne on the part of England and that of the Marquis Hayashi as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of Japan.

One paragraph of the Agreement has been read with peculiar satisfaction by the country and with complete conviction—for our circumstances prove our words—by even the most cynical of diplomatists, here and abroad: "The High Contracting Parties, having mutually recognised the independence of China and of Korea, declare themselves to be entirely uninfluenced by any aggressive tendencies in either country." All the same, if one of the Contracting Powers, under the terms of this Agreement, gets into war, stern measures are likely to be taken. The other Contracting Power must in that case be neutral, and must influence other nations to neutrality. If it does not succeed, and if another outside Power joins the fray, then the other Contracting Party is to come to the rescue. Under these circumstances, it is worth while to remember the strength of the Japanese navy. When the *Yoshino* was turned out at Elswick nearly ten years ago, all the world wondered; but that vessel has just lately been put into a secondary place by the *Mikasa*, the biggest battle-ship afloat, 436 ft. in length, with its Elswick guns and its Krupp armour. It is some consolation to think that these great engines of destruction, built on our own shores, may be counted on, should need arise, to fight in line with our own.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords a mild discussion was provoked by the announcement that the Government had given up Wei-hai-Wei as a place of arms. It was found to be of no use for naval or military purposes, but it would be retained as a sort of commercial sanatorium, or, as Lord Rosebery suggested, as a "second-hand watering-place."

In the Commons the debates on the new Rules of Procedure showed that they were not likely to pass without due consideration. The Government were urged to make the new Deputy-Chairman of Committees a permanent official with a salary instead of a casual official to be appointed as the need arose. It was also proposed that he should not be a director of public companies. Mr. Swift MacNeill wanted to feel sure that "the order he heard from the Chair was not the grunt of the guinea-pig." Mr. Balfour undertook to consider the question of a permanent appointment, but declined to reassure Mr. Swift MacNeill as to the accents of the Deputy-Chairman. The Government also resisted the proposal to prevent this official from applying the closure. Great difference of opinion was elicited by the Rule imposing penalties for the offence of defying the Chair. Sir Charles Dilke described them as "Tudor methods." The most warmly debated point was the requisition of an apology from the member who, for a third offence, had suffered eighty days' exclusion from the House. The Irish Party complained that the Rule was aimed at them, and the Government was warned that it would lead the House into conflict with the constituencies. Mr. Balfour replied that the number of days was not final, but he denied that the penalties were excessive. As for the apology, it was not unreasonable that a member who had thrice defied the authority of the Chair should be required to express his regret.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE HEEL OF ACHILLES," AT THE GLOBE.

"Fédora" and "Tosca" are the models on which Messrs. Boyle Lawrence and Louis Parker have framed their new sensational drama of distracted love and diplomatic intrigue, and in mere mechanical stage-effects—exciting situations and harrowing scenes of emotion—"The Heel of Achilles" does not disgrace its originals. Unfortunately the Globe collaborators, copying merely the externals of Sardou's art, have not attempted to invent a plausible story, have adopted, indeed, the most wild-cat notions of international politics: their Russian Prince, who tortures an Englishman's sweetheart into a hateful marriage, boldly arranges single-handed an invasion of India. Unfortunately, again, the play's thrills occur but intermittently amid dreary lengths of platitudes and topical rhetoric, and it is only after a whole superfluous act that the Russian Achilles falls before the vengeance of a wronged mistress's father, and a double suicide provides a fairly vigorous finale. Capital acting, however, of Miss Julia Neilson, a pathetic because restrained heroine; of Mr. Fred Terry, an incisive and picturesque Prince; of Miss Olive, charmingly sincere; and of Mr. Valentine, an impressive avenger, helps to disguise the conventionality of the melodrama.

"THE NEW CLOWN," AT TERRY'S.

Like the hero of Mr. H. M. Paull's pleasant new farce, a lazy and nervous young exquisite who joins a circus company because he thinks he has committed murder, Mr. James Welch seems desirous of introducing (at Terry's) "a more refined method of clowning." Certainly the story of "The New Clown" is no rough-and-tumble riot of horseplay: its humours spring from the amusing eccentricity of its leading character, and the piquant incongruity of his situation. The best scenes of the piece, indeed—and it improves as it goes on—are the interviews of the gentleman-clown and his vulgarian employer, and playgoers can readily imagine how happily Mr. Sass's broad comedy methods in the latter rôle contrast with Mr. Welch's whimsical expressions of alarm and polite irritability. That exquisite comédienne, Miss Nina Boucicault, obtains but few chances as the jolly young niece of the circus proprietor, and for the play's and her sake alike Mr. Paull's first act, a tedious riverside prologue, might well be taken for granted.

THE HIPPODROME ENTERTAINMENT.

Not content with the superb spectacle, gorgeous illuminations, and hearty fun of the charming "Aladdin" pantomime, the Hippodrome management has added a number of fresh "turns" to its already delightful entertainment. Prominent among the new arrivals are two sets of performing animals, Mr. Woodward's trained seals, who, among many wonderful exploits, balance on their noses various sized balls with all the gravity and skill of a human juggler, and M. Georges Loyal's pack of hounds which conducts a mimic fox-hunt in the arena.

THE GERMAN PLAYS.

The management of the German plays has not produced many classical dramas this season, and the performance of Schiller's "Kabale in Liebe" on Feb. 11 was particularly welcome. Ferdinand and Luise were played by Max Eissfeldt and Emilie Stark, and Miss Tita Brand—a new actress as far as the German company is concerned—gave a good rendering of the passionate Lady Milford. In the rôle of Wurm, the secretary, Max Behrend represented one of those Satanic characters in the portrayal of which he excels. As will be remembered, it is with the Court gallant, the Hofmarshall von Kalb, that Schiller lightens the otherwise unrelieved gloom of his drama, and Adolf Walther was extremely amusing in the part. The play showed careful rehearsal, and may certainly be considered, from the point of view of general excellence of acting, one of the most successful productions at St. George's Hall this season. On Feb. 22 "Die Rothe Robe" will be given. This is, of course, a translation from "La Robe Rouge," by Eugène Brieux, which was such a success in Paris.

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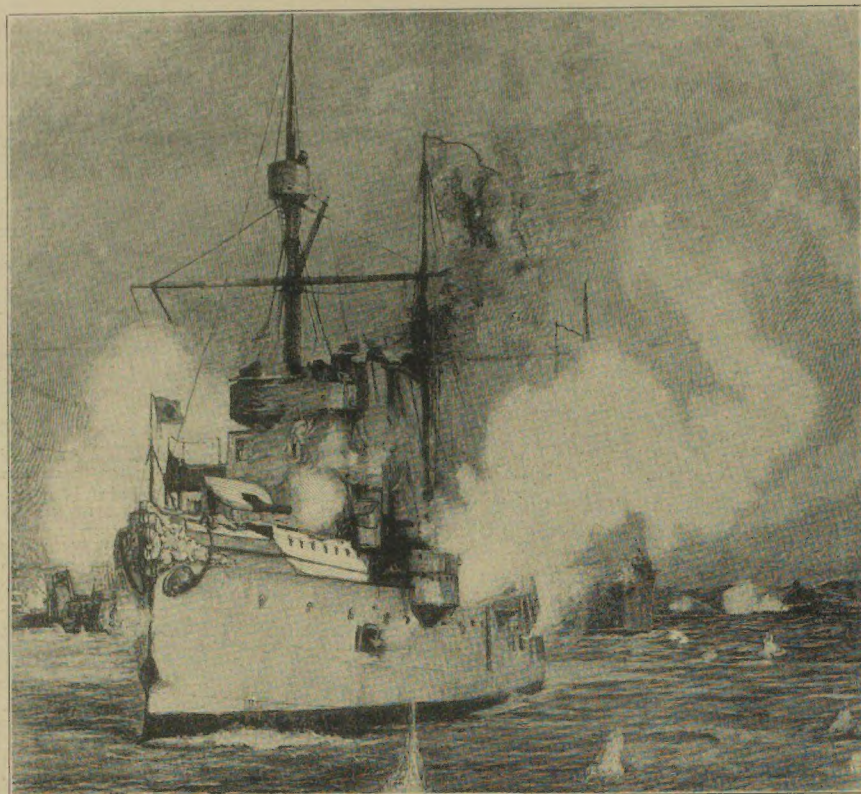
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THE DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND JAPAN.



A TYPICAL JAPANESE INFANTRYMAN.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



A TYPE OF JAPAN'S NAVAL STRENGTH: THE CRUISER "YOSHINO."

DRAWN BY C. WYLLIE.

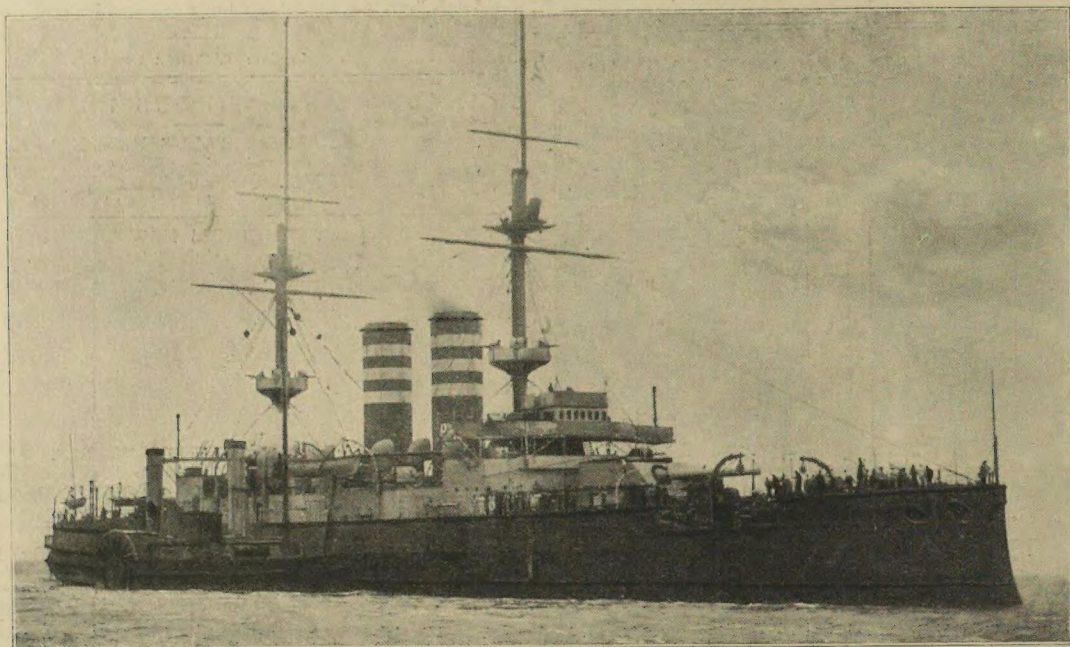
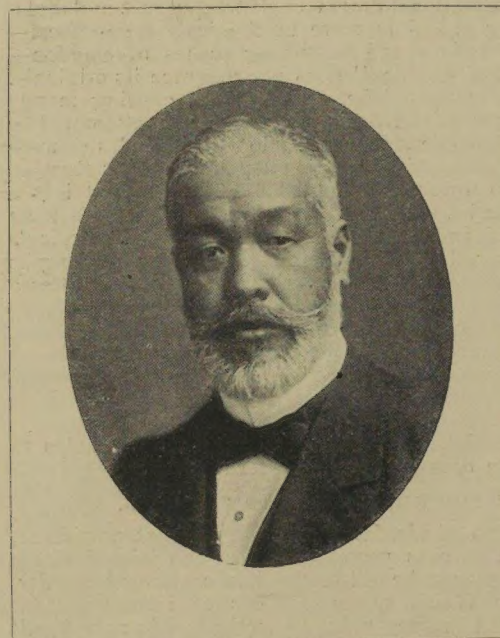


Photo Cribb.

JAPAN'S NAVAL STRENGTH: THE "MIKASA," THE LARGEST BATTLE-SHIP AFLOAT, BUILT BY VICKERS.



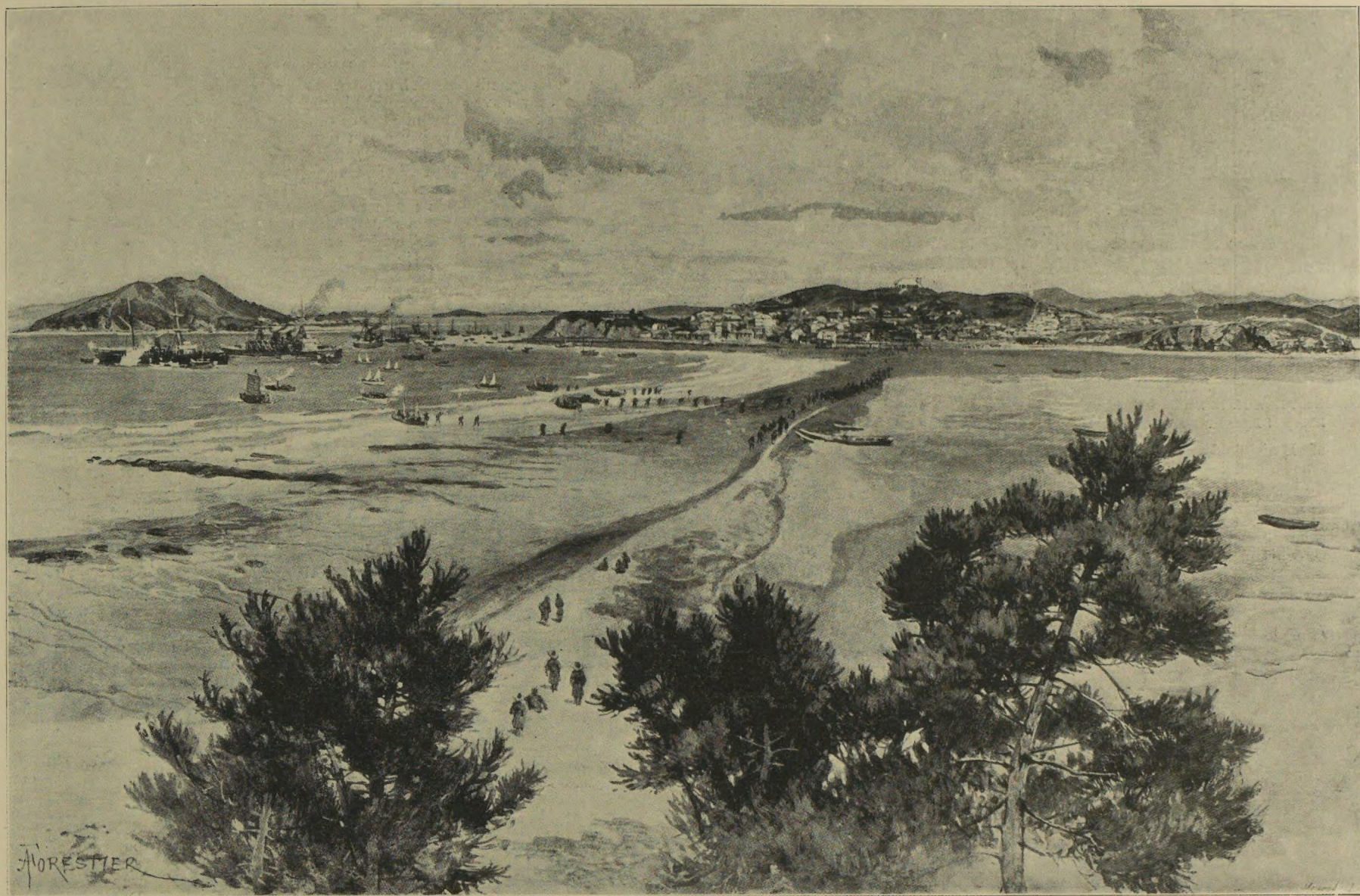
Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE JAPANESE MINISTER IN LONDON: BARON HAYASHI.



TYPICAL JAPANESE CAVALRY IN ACTION.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND JAPAN.—THE JAPANESE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE IN KOREA: CHEMULPO, THE PRINCIPAL TREATY PORT.
The agreement makes it clear that neither of the High Contracting Parties has designs on China or Korea, the independence of which is recognised.



THE PUNITIVE OPERATIONS AGAINST THE MAHSUD WAZIRIS: THE 2ND GURKHAS ATTACKING THE TOWER OF WALADIN IN WAZIRISTAN ON JANUARY 2, 1902.

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER WITH THE BRITISH FORCES.

The Mahsuds fired from the tower and village, and from the hills behind the village, and the Gurkhas streamed across the river-bed (just like a handful of peas thrown upon a table), covered by the fire of others from the top of the left bank. They scarcely troubled to reply to the enemy's fire till they had cleared them out of the village, killing several; whereupon the men in the tower surrendered at discretion.—[NOTE BY AN EYE-WITNESS.]

PERSONAL.

The Right Rev. Henry Brougham Bousfield, Bishop of Pretoria, whose death is reported from Cape Town as having occurred suddenly on Feb. 10, was born in 1832, and was the son of Mr. William Cheek Bousfield, barrister-at-law.

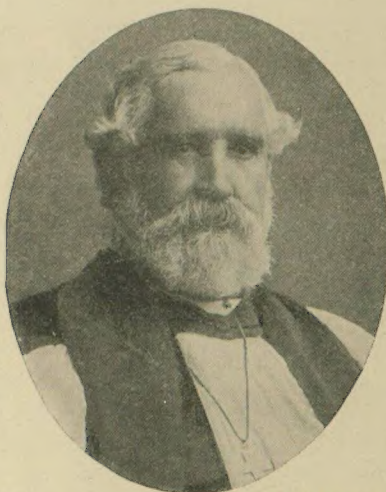


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE RIGHT REV. H. B. BOUSFIELD,
Bishop of Pretoria.

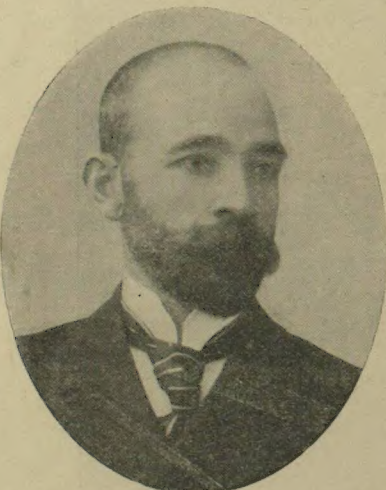
The future Prelate went from Merchant Taylors' School to Caius College, Cambridge, and was Junior Optime in 1855. He took his M.A. degree in 1858, and his D.D. twenty years later. After his ordination by Bishop Sumner of Winchester he served successively as curate and incumbent of Braishfield, as Rector of St. Maurice, Winchester, as Chaplain to the Royal Hants County Hospital, as Vicar of Andover, and as Rural Dean. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since he went out to the Transvaal as Bishop of Pretoria, and of late his lot had naturally been a difficult and an exciting one. The Bishop, who lost his first wife, married again in 1888, his second wife being Ellen, daughter of Mr. Thomas Lamb, of Andover.

The Ruskin Memorial in Westminster Abbey entailed a fee of £200 to the Abbey authorities. It is explained that the money goes to the fund for preserving the building against the ravages of the London climate.

Father Reginald F. Collins, Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Forces, has received at Gibraltar, from the hands of Lady White, the D.S.O. decoration, awarded to him some months ago. Sir George White was present at the investiture, and paid a handsome tribute to Father Collins' services to sailors and soldiers, both on the field and in barracks. Father Collins served with the Royal Irish Fusiliers in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and on one occasion, when a message had to be taken under crossfire to some of our native troops, Father Collins offered himself for the dangerous duty, and on his safe return was received by the onlooking troops with an enormous cheer and a waving of helmets hoisted aloft on to bayonets. For this and other acts Father Collins was mentioned in despatches, a recognition he again received during the current war in South Africa. The impression made by the publication of his report of Boer sympathy with the British dead after Spion Kop has not been forgotten by those who lost relatives on that fatal field.

Some persons in Brussels organised a movement for sending "Pro-Boer postcards" to Queen Alexandra. These have been stopped by the tyrannical British Post Office.

The education question, which is always with us, and is to be particularly with us during the current session of Parliament, has other areas of activity, one of which is to be found in Bulgaria. Though we know that great heats can be engendered nearer home by Sir John Gorst, there is no reason to suppose that any but a private motive led to the assassination of M. Kuncheff, who was appointed Bulgarian Minister of Education only a month earlier. This tragedy was perpetrated at Sofia on Jan. 6 by a Macedonian immigrant, who had unsuccessfully petitioned the Government for employment, and who capped his crime by suicide. The murdered Minister was a man of much cultivation, who had formerly been a schoolmaster in Macedonia, and who was the author of several standard works on that country.



M. KUNCHEFF,
The Assassinated Bulgarian Minister of Education.

Dr. Leyds is still vapouring about Boer "independence," and the Boer delegates declare that they have no intention of asking the British Government for safe-conducts to South Africa. It is said that three of them were favourable to Dr. Kuyper's proposal, but that Dr. Leyds has overcome this heresy. It is evident that with the delegates independence does not begin at home.

The East Down election resulted in the loss of a Government seat. Mr. Wood, who was returned by a majority of 147, represents the views of Mr. T. W. Russell, who, although a Unionist still, is opposed to the Ministerial policy in Ireland. It is understood that the Government Whips do not rank Mr. Wood among their supporters.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, whose tenure of the Foreign Seals has been marked by the signing of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, has been long a prominent figure in official life. Born fifty-seven years ago, he was only twenty-one years of age when he succeeded his father, the fourth Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Kerry, Earl of Shelburne, Earl of Wycombe and Viscount Calne. These titles do not exhaust the list of his peerages, and another came to him seven years ago on the death of his mother, Baroness Keith and Nairn, in her own right. By the end of the 'sixties he was a Lord of the Treasury, and the offices he has since held include the Governor-Generalship of Canada, the Governor-Generalship of India, and that Secretaryship for War which tried his metal during the last Administration.

Mr. George Cadbury has bought out his co-proprietors of the *Daily News*. The new manager of the paper is Mr. Ritzema, who has conducted several provincial journals with great success. No changes have been made in the editorial staff.

On behalf of some visitors to the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons, the surprising statement is made that they wish the "grille" to be retained, because it ensures comfort and privacy. Needless to say, this view is vigorously combated.

In the severe fighting recently experienced in Nigeria, Captain Grahame, of the Highland Light Infantry, has received a slight wound. Attacked by the Aros near Ebia, he drove the enemy into the town, and finally charged them, inflicting heavy losses. Captain Grahame was educated at Harrow, and his military career, if not a long, has been an active one. He served with the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry in the Indian Frontier War of 1897-98. Two years later he went on special service with the Ashanti Field Force for the relief of Kumasi. Lastly, he was selected by the Colonial Office for special service with the Aro Field Force under Colonel Montanaro in South Nigeria, where he has done excellent work in command of forty miles of the line of communication.

The Court of King's Bench has dismissed the objections to the confirmation of Bishop Gore on the ground that as the Bishop is nominated by the Crown nobody can object to the appointment. This view of the affair had not occurred to Mr. Kensit.

The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States is causing a great social disturbance at Washington. One politician has declined to surrender his box at the opera for the convenience of a visitor whom he describes as "a snip of royalty."

It is contrary to rule for the President of the United States to accept presents from a foreign Sovereign. As Prince Henry of Prussia has been commissioned by the Kaiser to give Mr. Roosevelt a fine rifle as a token of the Imperial regard, what will Mr. Roosevelt do? And will the United States Customs forgo the duty on the rifle?

The Lords' Committee on Betting listened to some interesting evidence from Colonel Fludyer, Chairman of Tattersall's Betting Committee, and Mr. Peacock, Chief

Constable of Manchester. Colonel Fludyer said that betting was a legitimate pastime, that horse-racing could not exist without it, and that it ought to be legalised.

Sir Courtenay Peregrine Ilbert, the new Clerk of the House of Commons in the room of Sir Archibald Milman, resigned, is distinguished for his very wide experience of legislative methods and forms. As legal member of the Governor-General's Council in India from 1882 to 1886, he gave his name to that famous "Ilbert Bill," which embodied Lord Ripon's confidence in natives as occupants of the Judicial Bench, and round which the stormiest of controversies raged. Time has brought calm; but, in any case, Sir Courtenay Ilbert came home to act as Assistant Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury under Lord Thring. When Lord Thring retired, Sir Courtenay succeeded to his post. He has, besides, published a notable work on Procedure. As a preparation for this career of distinction, Sir Courtenay passed from Marlborough to Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a First both in Moderations and in the Final Classical School, as well as four important scholarships. He became a Fellow of Balliol; and in 1869 was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn. Sir Courtenay married a daughter of the Rev. C. Bradley, and a niece of the Dean of Westminster.

The £50 prize offered by the Musicians' Company, together with the Freedom of their Livery, for the best Coronation March has been won by Mr. Percy Godfrey, Music Master of King's School, Canterbury. The successful competitor was educated at Dublin University, and he has been a fortunate winner of other prizes in past years, the Lady Alexander Prize among the rest. On this last occasion he has had as judges a strong bench, consisting of Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Hubert Parry, and Sir Walter Parratt.

Mr. Percy Godfrey is an Associate of the Royal College of Music, and his friends are sanguine that the Coronation March he has just composed will give him an assured place among contemporary musicians.

There is much irritation in German official circles at the official announcement in the House of Commons that England prevented Continental intervention to dissuade America from going to war with Spain. It has been stated in the *North German Gazette* that the British Government actually made a proposal inimical to America, which was vetoed by the other Powers. This assertion Lord Cranborne has contradicted point-blank. If the German Foreign Office has any documents on the subject, it had better publish them.

Mr. W. Runciman, now returned to Parliament, by a great majority, for Dewsbury in succession to Mr. Mark Oldroyd, is not wholly new to the House of Commons. In 1898 he contested Gravesend in the Liberal interest, but the seat went, by a majority of over four hundred votes, to Mr. Ryder, the Conservative candidate. In the following year, however, a bye-election at Oldham gave him a victory, by a few votes, over Mr. Winston Churchill. At the General Election of 1900 the tables were turned, and Mr. Runciman gave way to Mr. Winston Churchill. The new member for Dewsbury, who is only thirty-two years of age, is the son of Mr. Walter Runciman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is of Scottish descent, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a Third Class in the Historical Tripos of 1892.



MR. PERCY GODFREY,
Composer of the Coronation March.



Photo. Pldte, Colombo.
CAPTAIN J. C. GRAHAME,
Wounded in South Nigeria.



Photo. supplied by C. F. Shaw, Batley.
MR. W. RUNCIMAN,
New Member for Dewsbury.

THE OPENING-UP OF NIGERIA: THE ARC EXPEDITION.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE 3RD WEST AFRICAN FIELD FORCE.



THE BRITISH FORCE DRIVING THE AROS FROM THE LONG BREASTWORKS ON THE ROAD FROM ENYONG CREEK TO OKEROJI'S FARM, ON DECEMBER 8.

The Esuito garrison, while reconnoitring near the Enyong Creek, twice encountered the enemy sheltered behind breastworks three hundred yards long. The trenches were shelled, but the enemy held the position with great obstinacy until they were outflanked, enfiladed, and finally charged. As a result, the British captured the village of Okeroji, with a quantity of live-stock.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, F.R.S.

Though the Prince of Wales was nominated a Fellow of the Royal Society eight years ago, only now has he attended a meeting at the Society's rooms in Burlington House and been formally admitted to its ranks. The interesting event agreeably varied the proceedings of an ordinary afternoon meeting of the Society, held under the presidency of Sir William Huggins, and exceptionally well attended. Besides Lord Salisbury, Lord Kelvin, Lord Lister, and Lord Rayleigh, others there included Sir William Crookes, Sir Benjamin Baker, and Professor Dewar. The Prince was escorted to the platform by Lord Salisbury and presented to the President, who uttered the accustomed formula: "By the authority and in the name of the Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge, I admit you a Fellow thereof." Then, amid cheering, the Prince took his seat next to the President and attentively listened to the papers read by Sir William Crookes.

MONARCHS AT THE NEW GALLERY.

The half-length figure of Henry V., which Queen's College, Oxford, contributes to the New Gallery exhibition of Monarchs of Great Britain and Ireland, is mellow in quality and demure in effect. A fit pendant to it is the Edward VI., painted by Guillim Strete, and lent by Lord Aldenham. It is instinct with the boy feeling, despite the gravity of the pose and the bravery of gold-laced dress and jewelled cap. Next in the order of date comes our reproduction of the Protector Somerset, a canvas from the collection of Mr. Dent-Brocklehurst. The expression of the face is as austere as the fate which ultimately befell the victor of Musselburgh. Major Anstruther Thomson is the owner of the presentment of Queen Mary on which her unfriendliest critics most rely in illustration of their text. The picture is a copy of one painted by Sir Antonio More, and sent, strange to say, to Philip II. of Spain, so that he might see, before the marriage, what manner of woman his future wife might be. That original is now in Madrid. The portrait of James I., from the collection of Mr. Hay of Duns, has its own dignity, and it comes to us from a Dutch artist whose name is more commonly written Janson. Sir Charles Dilke's portrait of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, is from the brush of Mignard, and introduces us to a placid face not altogether in keeping with the rugged history of this beautiful but hapless daughter of a hapless father, her death to be by poison as his upon the block. The portrait of William III., painted by Van der Vaart, and lent by the Lord Mayor of London, shows the King in the robes of the Garter, and pointing to the table containing the crown, sceptre, orb, and Bible. The same owner sends Sir Godfrey Kneller's George I., seen full-length—it is interesting now to note—in his Coronation robes. A Gainsborough closes the list of to-day's reproductions—his Anne Luttrell, a lady who married, first, Christopher Horton, and, secondly, Henry, Duke of Cumberland (brother of George III.), whom she survived.

NEW CHILDREN OF THE EMPIRE.

Nearly nine thousand of a Russian sect known as the "Doukhoberts," or Spirit-Wrestlers, have found refuge under the British flag from the oppressions of military and ecclesiastical authorities in Russia; Siberia has, in fact, already claimed their leaders. They are an unlettered, if a pious, group. Only four persons in every hundred can read or write. In spite of their ignorance, the Spirit-Wrestlers are good agriculturists. Their settlements are divided into four colonies, which are



Photo. Banks.

HEATON HOUSE AND PARK, SHORTLY TO BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE MANCHESTER CORPORATION.

further split up into village communities, each perhaps numbering 120 to 140 "souls," according to the Russian nomenclature of the census. Clinging with tenacity to their religion, they exhibit at all costs their belief in the theory of non-resistance. Together with this almost fatalistic condition of mind, goes a certain love of the beauty of life. They wear no drab; but, on the contrary,

pounders of 47 millimetres, and eight quick-firing one-pounders of 37 millimetres. They carry two submerged torpedo-tubes, one above water at bow and stern and two above water at broadside. Their armour is Krupp. The next largest class to the *Borodino* is the *Czarewitch*, of 13,000 tons, carrying an armament exactly the same as that of the *Borodino*. Of torpedo-boats there are forty-four of the first class, forty-one of the second, and one hundred and ten of the third. There are about two-score destroyers and fifty submarines either in course of construction or arranged for.



THE NEW BULGARIAN STAMPS.

Stamps supplied by Bright and Son, Strand.

gaily coloured costumes; and they attempt to make their villages picturesque by gardens, and their homes by decorations.

THE NEW BULGARIAN STAMPS.

The stamps recently issued by Bulgaria arouse interest in the collector mainly from the fact that they bear for the first time the head of Ferdinand, Prince Regnant, in profile, instead of the Bulgarian arms, which figured on the stamps issued in 1879. The specimens we illustrate are printed in two colours, and are of the value of one, two, and three stotinki—a stotinki being equivalent to a fraction under one-tenth of a penny.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

The Russian navy, including vessels in course of construction, numbers sixty-seven battleships and cruisers, which range from craft of the *Borodino* class, of 13,566 tons, to the gun-boat of the *Gaidamak* class, of 411 tons. There are four vessels of the *Borodino* class, each of them carrying a complement of 750 men. Their armament is as follows: four rapid-loading guns of 12.4-in. calibre, twelve quick-firers of 6 in., twenty of 3 in., and twenty three-

THE LEGEND OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

To Sebert, who ruled the East Saxons in the seventh century as their first Christian King, is attributed the foundation of the West Minster, so called to distinguish it from the eastern Cathedral, St. Paul's. According to an eleventh-century legend, the church had been prepared in 616 for consecration by Mellitus, Bishop of London; but a storm broke out on the eve of the day appointed, so that the river Thames rose and flooded the sandy site called Thorney Island. Edric, the fisher, casting his nets, was hailed from the Lambeth side by a stranger, who offered a rich reward to be rowed over the ferry to Thorney. Then lights streamed from the Abbey windows, heavenly voices were heard, angels seen ascending and descending. To the astonished fisherman the stranger, returning, then revealed himself as St. Peter, Keeper of the Keys, who had come down to dedicate the church which was to be specially his own; in witness whereof the fisherman took a miraculous haul of salmon. The Bishop, who came next day with the King, found his work done; but the fisherman's gift of a tithe of the salmon he took became a precedent, and was followed by other fishers, even after the Confessor's church had superseded the earlier building.

THE "DISCOVERY" AT THE ANTIPODES.

From New Zealand we get news of the *Discovery*. Six months have elapsed since the King wished God-speed at Cowes to the gallant vessel and her crew, ready for the rigours of an Antarctic Expedition. Now it is the departure of the *Discovery* from Lyttelton four days before last Christmas Day that is reported. All preparations had been made. The dogs seemed glad to get aboard; the sheep reluctant. A farewell service was held on board, and Bishop Julius preached the sermon. Then flags waved gaily from every pole, the ships in harbour were "dressed," cheers and friendly shouts rent the air to the accompaniment of bands of music, as the explorers, themselves in the best of spirits, waved their last adieux and were lost to sight. In the midst of the enthusiasm and excitement one of the crew, Charles Bonner, met with his death by falling from aloft just after the vessel got clear of Lyttelton Heads.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION IN NEW YORK.

The Murray Hill Hotel in New York is a favourite one alike with American and with English visitors; and to many homes, therefore, the news of the explosion by which it was wrecked came with the nearness of a personal acquaintance. For some time a subway had been in course of construction in the vicinity of this hotel, and also of the Grand Union Hotel, the Grand Central Station, and the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital. Every pane of glass in all these buildings was broken, and besides exterior damage, the furniture inside was smashed and the very foundations of the buildings were shaken. Seven persons were reported as killed—some with such violence that they were blown across the rooms in which they were seated, and dashed to pieces against the first opposing wall. In addition to the dead, there were injured to the number of a hundred. The damage is estimated at a large sum.



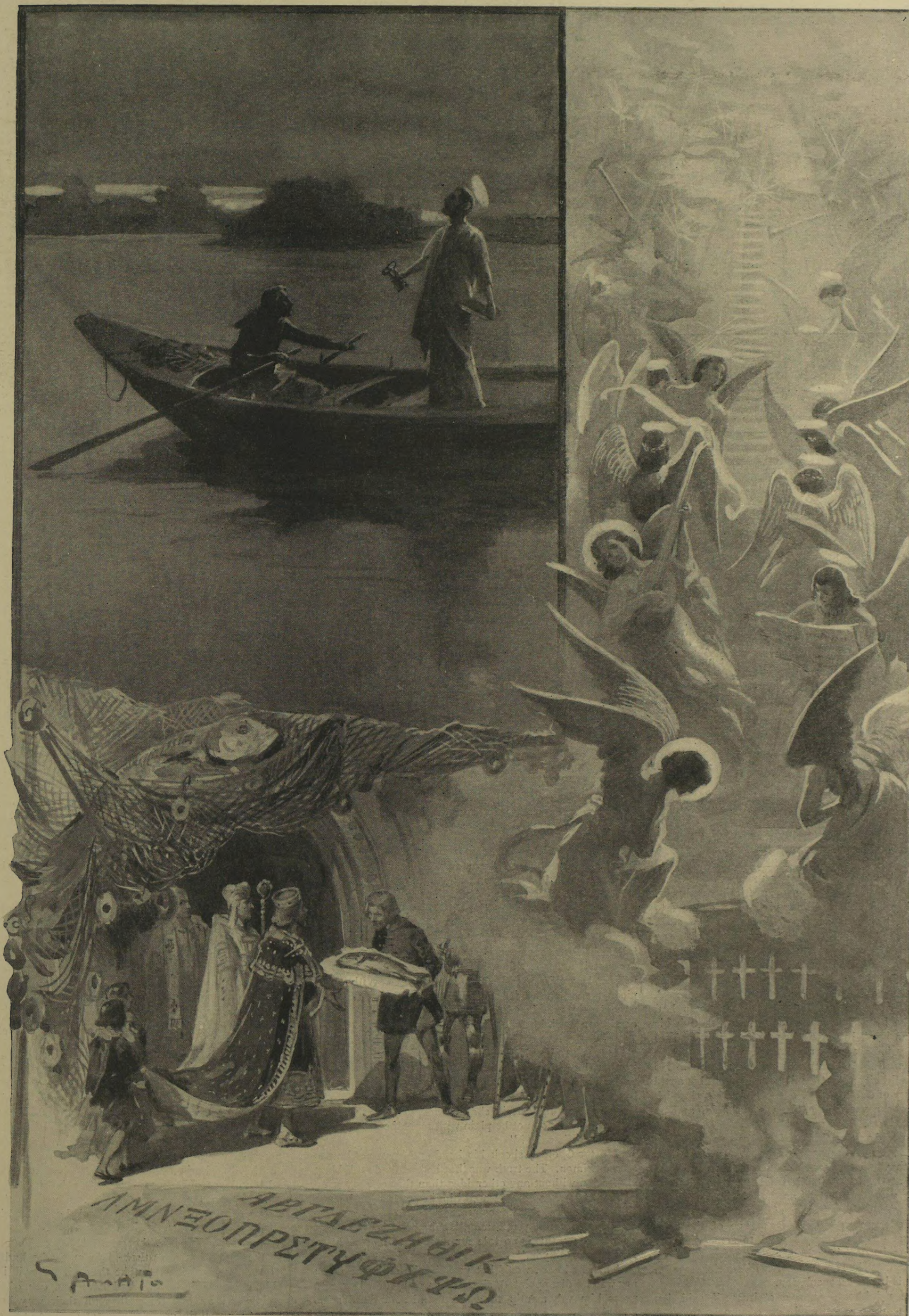
Photo. R. Falkner.

SELECTION FROM THE ALTAR PLATE OF MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The silver vessels of the Manchester Cathedral consist of twenty-two pieces, the oldest dating from 1584. Those illustrated are a portion only. Description: (top) Queen Anne Flagon, 1708; (left) William III. Flagon, 1698; (centre) George I. Alms-Dish, 1715; (right) William III. Pitcher Flagon, 1701; (at foot, commencing left) Queen Anne Patin, 1708; Challice, 1874; Charles I. Challice, 1626; Charles II. Silver Salver, 1676; Elizabethan Challice, 1584-5; Scotch Beaker Cup, 1620; Charles II. Patin, 1676. They have been photographed for archaeologists.

THE LEGEND OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



ST. PETER'S MIRACULOUS CONSECRATION OF THE EARLIEST ABBEY CHURCH AT WESTMINSTER.



Simon of York

By Max Pemberton

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

[In which are narrated some episodes in the life of a very foolish fellow, Simon Montlibet, commonly known as Simon of York, who was a student of the University of Paris in the year 1480, and thereafter, carrying little from Paris but a cracked crown and the girdle of St. Thomas, came over to the city of Oxford, which treated him very scurvily, as the histories bear witness.]

No. VI.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE STORY OF GEOFFREY DE BONSECOUR AND OF THE SISTER MAGDALENE.

SIMON OF YORK was so diligent a student that he made few friends in the University of Oxford; and such as he had were the more serious fellows, and not the lackabrain who hawked and hunted, and cared as little for Nominalism as they did for its opposite. A man of much learning himself, Simon loved to frequent the schools and the scholars' walks. No leisure had he for tavern or buttery, the jousts of the merry-makers or the sports of the fields. Every day at dawn you would see him on his road to Mass; every night at sunset he barred his door and sought his bed. Deans and wardens named him for an example in all the University. "Such a man," they said, "will die a Bishop." Unconscious of the happiness in store for him, Simon went his way in all humility. If any came to him in doubt, he gave his counsel willingly. It was a wonder to hear him expound to such as were in ignorance.

Now, all this godly reputation was very well deserved; but there was a trait in Simon's character which he never could conquer nor turn to any useful advantage. A meddling fellow from his youth up, neither experience nor misfortune could keep him from his neighbours' affairs; so that he must have a finger in this pie and in that, and was as curious as any woman to hear a scandal or pass it on. This unworthy habit grew upon him with the years, so that, untaught by the University of Paris, we find him no less meddling at Oxford. Hither and thither, with a whisper and a word, the finger upraised, the head carried knowingly, now telling of a friar's weakness, now snatching from the devil any victim that chanced to be walking that way, Simon carried the gossip's staff. Many stories are told to illustrate the evils of a virtue so contentious; but there is none more to the point than the story of Geoffrey de Bonsecour and of the Sister Magdalene, and this it is our privilege to relate.

And first a word as to Master Geoffrey himself. A slightly built, curly headed lad, whose forefathers had come from the beautiful country of Touraine (though his mother was an Englishwoman), he was known throughout the University for a reckless gallantry, which the more worldly esteemed but the more studious rebuked. No comely girl in the city or for ten miles round about but could tell you a story of Geoffrey de Bonsecour and his plausive tricks. He was a very Paris, the envious said, and as such the poets hymned his amours.

Vain, they told you, to think twice of any wench whom Geoffrey de Bonsecour had marked for his own. And yet the day came when this youth so favoured met with a stern rebuff at the hands of his divinity; and being for the moment vanquished, fell, as boys will, a prey to devouring melancholy. Simon of York alone in the University College remained in ignorance of the truer story. He set down Geoffrey's grief to some difficulty about the Thomist doctrine; and, ready as ever to offer a scholarly sympathy, he sought out that love-stricken youth and offered his bookish consolation.

"We are neighbours upon a staircase," said he, "and what shall prevent us bring our books together for fellowship's sake? There is ever a brotherhood of scholarship, and we may preach it. I have lately been reading the worthy treatise 'De Generibus et Speciebus,' and I find in it much wholesome doctrine, which our worthy Father Abelard has bequeathed to us, and which I would willingly expound for your benefit. Let us sup

together this very afternoon and speak of it afterwards. Ay, we can be right merry with a rushlight, and make nothing of the darkness while these great things delight us. You will come, Geoffrey, and dispute with me?"

Master Geoffrey, shame that it should be told, had no desire either to make merry with a rushlight or to dispute with Master Simon. Those in the college who knew the whole of his sad story spoke of his bitter passion for the Lady Eleanor, whom cruelty had put beyond his reach, and who, he said, was lost to him for ever. Sister Magdalene the nuns called her, and by that name henceforth should she be forgotten. Geoffrey called the stars to witness that he would yet possess her; but bolts and bars amply stood between him and his desire, and little wonder that he sighed all day, a sorry swain, whom none in Oxford could console. Nevertheless, he kept this story from the righteous Simon, and, remembering that fellow's blind credulity, he began to tell him a surprising tale.

"You are my benefactor, Simon," said he dolefully; "yet I fear me that old Father Abelard will do little for my complaint! I have that upon my soul which no doctrine can cure—ay, a grievous sin, which many weary penances will scarce rub out! Did I but tell you a word of it, we should be comrades no longer. You would not hear me, Simon, as I live. Your very heart would freeze."

Now, Simon's great ears were all agog at this, believing that at last the story of Master Geoffrey's melancholy would be known; and he began to ask himself at once what possible crime so merry a lad could have committed. "Perchance," said he, "there has been a townsman slain, or he has done some grievous wrong to a wench of the city; yet, if the townsmen were slain in fair fight, or atonement be made to the wench, I shall account it a great thing, and save a Christian soul. I will not leave him until he has told me all." With which pious resolution he fell to questioning Master Geoffrey very closely, pressing him upon this point and that, yet coming to no right conclusion.

"For the love of God, dear Geoffrey," said he at last, "I beg you to be plain with me. A sorry servant of our Mother the Church should I be to turn from the sinner or to deny him counsel. I have some little learning, as you know; and if it be that there is any canon law to make your offence lighter, it shall be expounded this very instant. Will you not be plain with me, Master Geoffrey, for your soul's sake?"

Master Geoffrey shook his head and knew not how to answer Simon. The truth was that he had made this blunt confession without any other idea than that of answering a stupid fellow as all answered him in Oxford—with some wild story or knavish imposture.

"I cannot tell you, Simon," said he, feigning great reluctance; "this is no tale for an honest man to hear. I will never tell you."

This, he knew, would but provoke the curious Simon; nor was he disappointed, since that worthy now began to press him vehemently to confess and so unburden his conscience.

"Ye shall tell me this very night, Geoffrey. I will not let you go until your conscience be unburdened and confession be made. Even had ye killed our lord the Pope, I would hear of it, Geoffrey!"

Geoffrey sighed once, sighed twice, and then drawing near, he spoke low in Simon's ear—

"I will tell you all, Simon. I will hide nothing. Bear with me and have patience."

It was at this point, as Master Geoffrey bears witness, that the idea came to him by which afterwards so much scandal was born. Deeming it for the moment the wildest jest, he stooped to this barefaced mendacity simply to astonish a credulous and gossiping fellow; nor could he anticipate what such a shame was to bring him.

"Simon," said he as bold as brass, "you know that for two years I have lived in this University as Geoffrey de Bonsecour."

"I know it well," said Simon, drawing nearer that his hearing might be surer.

"You know that all men have esteemed me for an honest youth, the son of Bernard de Bonsecour, whose dwelling is in Touraine."

"I know it," said Simon, his greed of the story growing.

"All this being within your knowledge, what will you say if I tell you that I am not Geoffrey de Bonsecour at all, but Geraldine, his sister?"

Simon, believing that all women were the devil, stepped back two paces and looked Geoffrey de Bonsecour full in the face.

"What!" he cried, "you are a girl! A girl!" Simon would repeat again and again. "A girl in University College!"

"God help me," said Geoffrey, "I fear it is that!"

"And for two years you have kept your secret in the University of Oxford!"

"For two years," said Geoffrey, casting his modest eyes to the ground at his feet.

But the worthy Simon waited for no more. Snatching up his gown, he fled from the room, and never ceased running until he stood by the river's bank, and was alone to meditate upon the terrible confession which had just been made to him.

Simon of York walked by the river's bank until dusk fell, and even then he did not return to his rooms in University College. It seemed to him—he knew not why—that some awful sacrilege had been perpetrated at the shrine he loved so well. Strange stories had he heard of that which women had done for love or sacrifice, strange stories of girls in knight's armour, of hussies at the altar, of women playing a lover's part; but that one of them should dare the sacred precincts of University College seemed to him an outrage past all belief. Was it possible, could it be, he asked himself, that for two years they had harboured this impostor, had touched her hands, and sat side by side with her in the schools? His blood ran cold at the thought. It was as though someone said, "You have been cheek by jowl with the devil."

From his youth up in the great Abbey of Fountains, and afterwards amongst those holy men who had been his tutors, he had been taught that all the evil in the world was woman's work. And here was one of them, creeping like an evil thing through their very holy of holies. How well the creature had acted, Simon reflected! She who was known as Geoffrey de Bonsecour must be the very incarnation of subtlety and deceit. Yet when he dwelt upon it, he was not surprised that others had been deceived with him. The lithe frame, the flaxen hair, the merry blue eyes, those were the attributes of girlhood, surely. Simon said that the wenches of Oxford and of



"My father . . . lend a willing ear, for pity's sake!"

"SIMON OF YORK."—BY MAX PEMBERTON.

the country round about had received Geoffrey so fearlessly just because his secret was shared by them. A woman would know, be sure of it! But how should men detect the imposture—holy men, busy with their books; men of the school of John of Salisbury and Gilbert de la Porrée? Little wonder that the brazen hussy had spoken of it as the unpardonable sin! No absolution, Simon thought, could atone for such a crime. And yet it must be atoned for; she must leave University College that very night. He said that he could not sleep in his bed if she were still within the gates.

This was a right decision; but when it came to the practice of it, Simon found himself wholly at loss. Such confession as Geoffrey de Bonsecour had made to him, if not under the seal, was in honour sacred. Simon, a man of fine principles, would no more have gone and blurted out the story for all to hear than he would have asked the Prior of St. Frideswide's to relate the stories with which penitents delighted him. And so he found himself racked by an unrelenting perplexity. The great trees wherein the rooks cawed above him, the pastoral beauty of the hour, the sleepy river, the distant hills gave him no inspiration. He must put the woman out; and yet how should she be put out! What house would shelter her, what family befriend her? Asking a weary brain these questions, and remaining unanswered, Simon heard at last the bells of the neighbouring convent telling the Angelus musically. And that was a message from Heaven, said he; for, surely, if there were any retreat open to this poor sinner, the convent of the Benedictine nuns was the first to be named!

Simon wrapped his gown about him and began to retrace his steps toward the city. There were others riding in now—those who had been to the chase: hunters with hooded falcons on their wrists, blithe fellows who had been roistering in village taverns, lonely men who knew why they returned alone. But Simon changed a greeting with none of them, for his head was full of his splendid purpose. There was but one in Oxford from whom he might seek light: the Prior of St. Frideswide's—that holy man whom he had so often consulted in doubt and difficulty. What kept him from his side now? True, the Prior was almost blind, and not a little deaf; but he and Simon understood one another. And to St. Frideswide's the student turned at length with beating heart and eager stride. So great was his impatience that he rang the priory bell as though the city guard followed him to the gate. Brother John could not conduct him swiftly enough to the Prior's cell.

"I come, my father—God knows upon what errand I come to you this night! Lend a willing ear, for pity's sake!"

The Prior Alphonse, who was just thinking about supper, put down his breviary and turned a little angrily in his chair.

"I cannot hear you, brother, yet God wot, I give you blessing," said he. "You would not keep me from the table, Master Simon—ay, that were no kindness!"

Simon, coming close to the Prior's side, bent down and spoke in his ear.

"Father," said he, "what think you of a wench in University College?"

Now, Prior Alphonse was a holy man; but mention a wench to him, and the scandalous brethren would tell you that he invariably smiled seraphically. This habit growing with the years, it was not to be conquered when Simon blurted out such doleful news; and for quite a long while the Prior sat chuckling and smiling in his great oak chair.

"A wench in the college!" cried he at last. "Why, what is the porter doing, then?"

Simon stooped down and bawled again in the Prior's ear.

"They call her Geoffrey de Bonsecour, and think she is a man!"

The Prior, far from being horrified at this deception, was extremely amused.

"She thinks she is a man, you said?"

"I said nothing of the sort. She thinks she is a woman!"

"Then what have you got to do with it?"

"A student, father—that is, she is, not he. Do you hear that? He is a student and she wears a gown. God forgive me for telling you!"

Now, all this was very perplexing, and in spite of the supper-bell and the summons to the refectory, Prior Alphonse and Master Simon fell to an argument which threatened Brother John (who had his ear to the key-hole) with an apoplexy. As busy as bees, the one shouting to the other for a good hour, such a wrangling was never heard in the Prior's cell before. Here was Simon, on the one hand, bawling that Geoffrey de Bonsecour was a woman; here was the Prior, on the other, asking, If she was a woman, why did they call her a man? The sweat ran off Simon's face before he had convinced the holy father. In the end he made his point clear, and Prior Alphonse ceased to laugh—but it was with difficulty!

"You say that the wench has been two years in University College in a man's gown! The hussy! Let book and bell be brought that she may be driven out without delay. You have spoken to the Warden, Master Simon?"

Simon replied at the top of his voice that it lay upon his honour to keep Master Geoffrey's secret.

"But," added he, "I doubt not that I can prevail upon her if you, father, will speak to the Prioress of the Benedictines."

"Ha!" cried Prior Alphonse, enlightened suddenly; "then you would put her in the convent?"

"What else shall we do, father?"

Prior Alphonse smiled seraphically again.

"You are right, Master Simon," he said, remembering himself at last. "She shall go to the convent this very night!"

Master Geoffrey de Bonsecour, having laughed with a few friends over the jest he had played upon the credulous Simon, forgot all about the affair by

sundown, and was alone in his chamber at that peaceful hour. Truth to tell, Geoffrey rarely thought of anything now but the bewitching eyes and the shapely figure of the mistress they had taken from him. The daughter of my Lord of Wickham, a great and powerful noble, the fair Eleanor's somewhat froward childhood had been rewarded by a sentence of vow and habit, and the silence of the cloister-cell. Never again, Geoffrey said, would she come out into the world or delight those who had been her worshippers. In more tender moments he hymned her in execrable Latin. There were other days when strange oaths and passionate threats ministered to his desire. He would break the convent gate, he said, and snatch her from the cell. All England should hear of his valour—he would go to Wickham Castle and demand her of my Lord. He would—but the night was not long enough for Master Geoffrey's dreams nor the day for his intention.

He forgot all about Simon of York, we say, and the silly story which had made laughter for his morning. Little given (so greatly did he love) to hunting or hawking, to the tavern brawl or the merriment by St. Martin's, he kept a lonely vigil in his mean chamber, and there consoled himself, as lovers will, with an ode to the stars and the cheering cup. Naught cared he for book or bell, the learning of the ancients, the feast of the moderns. The Lady Eleanor was hidden from the world; he, Geoffrey de Bonsecour, would shut himself also from the light of men. But he could not shut himself from Simon of York—there was no door to keep that meddler out.

Simon returned to college one hour after curfew, and knocking loudly at Geoffrey's portal, demanded admittance upon the instant. So breathless was he, so full of his purpose, that all the college heard the uproar; and when the brooding Geoffrey opened to him at last, he wore the air of some conspirator who burst in upon a scene of crime. Indeed, his courage was the courage of a good man's resolution, for he knew that he stood in woman's presence, and never in all his life could he so stand unabashed. Simon dared not to look at Geoffrey de Bonsecour when he told him what he had done.

"I have spoken to the Prior Alphonse," said he, "and all is made straight for you. You are to set out at once, and there is the cloak for your disguise. Be pleased to hasten, lest anything is known."

Geoffrey de Bonsecour, forgetful, as we say, of the absurd nonsense which he had told Simon in the morning, was both astonished and angry at this unusual request.

"To the devil with the Prior of St. Frideswide's!" said he. "I stir not abroad for all the friars in Christendom! Of what do you speak, lean Simon—what gossip fills your big ears now?"

Simon stared at the speaker as though this wickedness was beyond all bearing.

"Geoffrey de Bonsecour," cried he sternly, "have you forgotten what I know?"

Truth to tell, Geoffrey had completely forgotten it; but now when Simon spoke of it, the thing came to him as in a flash; and, "God wot!" said he, "if this madman does not believe every word of it!" A merrier day he had never known.

"You shame me with your just rebuke, Simon," said he, falling to the part with instant cleverness. "Yet I have lived so long in this my circumstance that it has become a habit to me. You will not judge me hardly, sweet Simon? I have loved learning—and this is my reward! Oh, God help me, what can I do!"

He buried his face in his hands and shook, as Simon said, with sobbing, but as his friends declared, with laughter. None in Oxford could play a woman's part better than he, and all his wit was now set to the employment. Simon wondered that his sex had remained so long undiscovered. A child would not have been deceived, he thought.

"Geoffrey, take courage," he said; "I tell you that I have spoken to the Prior of St. Frideswide's, and that all is managed cunningly. You are to go to-night to the Convent of the Benedictines!"

"To where!" cried Geoffrey, leaping to his feet in very just astonishment.

"To the Convent of the Benedictines," reiterated Simon. "You will find shelter there until your brothers in France be told. I take it that you have no kinsman in this country, Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey shook his head piteously.

"I lack both father and mother," said he; "and my brothers believe me to be lodged with a kinsman in this city. For learning's sake I put a gown upon me. You will not judge me hardly, Simon?"

Simon, for answer, blew out the light and opened the door.

"Come," said he; "we will go to the Prior."

There was a great stir in University College on the following morning; messengers coming and going to and fro, and the Provost summoning his guard; letters carried to the Warden, and from the Warden to others; such a gathering of gossips at the corners, such laughter and such talk, that the rumour of it came even to Simon of York in his lonely attic; and he went out in haste to see what the matter might be. That Geoffrey de Bonsecour's absence would be discussed in hall and cloister he rightly understood; but the Prior of St. Frideswide's had promised to speak to Warden Richard only, and Warden Richard knew well how to hold so grave a secret. Simon went, therefore, with confidence to the quadrangle to hear the students talk. It would be of Geoffrey, but not of his adventure, he thought. Good man, how great a surprise was in store for him!

"You speak of Geoffrey de Bonsecour, brother," he put it to the first he met. "Pray tell me what is being said of him, for I am his friend."

Now, the student thus addressed, though the question, it must be admitted, was a civil one, answered Simon not with any fair tidings, but with a guffaw of laughter that sent the very birds to the shelter of the caves.

"Thou sorry fool!" cried he, "thou sorry fool—what night's work is this?"

Simon, briding in wrath, turned on the youth savagely and spake of his incivility.

"John of Bristol," said he, "I observe that you get neither manners nor learning in this place! I asked you an honest question. Were you not a dunce, you would give me an honest answer."

John of Bristol, laughing again until his body shook, clapped a hand on Simon's shoulder, and spake more freely.

"What!" cried he; "you put a man in petticoats and send him to the Benedictine nuns where his mistress abides; and this very dawn he breaks bolt and bar with her, and they be gone northward together! Oh, thou doleful idiot! Thou mouthing ass! 'Tis lucky if ye escape the pillory!"

Simon of York, trembling so that his knees shook, fled to the chapel, and there remained hidden until night-fall. When at length he ventured forth, his fear had in some measure passed, and he could, as ever, begin to think of profit in the matter.

"I know not whether Geoffrey were man or woman," said he to himself; "but since he has fled with Eleanor, my Lord of Wickham's daughter, she shall count me her friend, and hold me in remembrance. I do not forget that her father is rich and may yet reward me. Let the Warden see to it that no more women enter this college, nor abide therein."

The Prior of St. Frideswide's, being bawled to for a full hour by Brother John, had at length the true story of Geoffrey de Bonsecour. And for a full hour, says the record, that good man smiled seraphically.

(End of "Simon of York" No. 6.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was in excellent health during his recent visit to Manchester, and has rarely preached with more eloquence and persuasiveness. Several thousands assembled to hear him in the Cathedral. The Archbishop is certainly the most powerful of living Temperance advocates. At Manchester he urged his hearers not to be content with resisting the sin of intemperance, but to seek to drive the temptation itself away. It was hopeless, he urged, to preach to men when everything around them was fighting on the other side. The evil would grow unless they took the way of escape, and the influence of the Church would grow weaker and weaker.

Bishop Welldon will preach in Westminster Abbey next Sunday evening for the first time since his appointment to the canonry vacated by Bishop Gore.

Lord Rosebery's visit to the City Temple on Sunday, Feb. 2, was not his first opportunity of meeting Dr. Parker. At the Union Assembly held in Edinburgh in October 1900, Dr. Parker was introduced to the ex-Premier by Principal Rainy.

Canon Hurst, who has been connected with the Colonial and Continental Church Society for nearly half a century, has lately resigned the secretaryship, which he has held for thirteen years. At a recent committee meeting he was presented with an illuminated address. The Dean of Peterborough and the Rev. A. R. Buckland spoke with warm praise of the work Canon Hurst had done in bringing the society to its present prosperous position.

A very interesting statement has been published by the Liverpool Cathedral Committee setting forth the arguments in favour of the adopted site on St. James's Mount, as against the other proposal for the Monument Place site. It is said that while the Mount is quiet, the roar of traffic about Monument Place is continuous. The latter position is also twenty-four feet lower than St. James's Mount. The Dean of Ely, a native of Liverpool, says he cannot understand how any citizen who really knows and loves his town can be blind to the picturesque and romantic possibilities of the Mount as a site for the mother church of the city.

Bishop Hartwell, who was so prominent a figure at the recent Methodist Ecumenical Council in London, spent a short time in Cape Town on his way to his East African diocese, and took the opportunity to deliver a patriotic speech. The Bishop strongly believes in the justice of the war, and is a personal friend of Lord Milner and Mr. Cecil Rhodes. He is now on his way to Liberia and the Congo. His permanent home, if such a wandering missionary can be said to have one, is in Madeira.

Rumour has it that the Bishop of London will preach the Coronation sermon, but there has been no official announcement. According to Dean Stanley the Bishop of London has usually been chosen for this office, but the statement is inaccurate. At the Coronation of Charles I. the Bishop of Carlisle preached from the significant text, "I will give thee a crown of life." Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, preached at the Coronation of William and Mary.

Dr. Chandler, the new Bishop of Bloemfontein, has been encouraged in entering on his work by the hearty commendation of his old schoolfellow, the Bishop of London. Speaking the other day at the Anniversary Festival of the Bloemfontein Association, Dr. Ingram said the new Bishop is a man of deep brotherly sympathy, who will be admirably fitted to bring the Boers under the influence of Church teaching.

---The Very Rev. J. R. Vincent, Dean of Bloemfontein, has accepted the living of Christ Church, Clapham, so long associated with the ministry of the Rev. Bradley Abbott. Another South African clergyman who is returning to take up work in England is the Rev. Herbert Johnson, Vicar of St. Cyprian's, Durban. He has been appointed to the living of All Souls', Leeds, of which parish he was formerly an assistant curate. V.

NEW CHILDREN OF THE EMPIRE: A RUSSIAN RELIGIOUS SECT SETTLED IN CANADA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MAY FITZGIBBON



A HOUSE OF THE DOUKHOBERTSI, OR "SPIRIT-WRESTLERS."

LEADERS AMONG THE "SPIRIT-WRESTLERS."—[Photo. Castleden.]

TWO LITTLE GIRLS OF THE "SPIRIT-WRESTLERS."

AT THE SUNDAY SERVICE.

TYPICAL WOMEN OF THE SECT OF "SPIRIT-WRESTLERS."

MANHOOD, MAIDENHOOD, AND BOYHOOD OF THE SETTLEMENT.—[Photo. Castleden.]



THE GREAT DYNAMITE EXPLOSION IN NEW YORK ON JANUARY 27: THE MURRAY HILL HOTEL AFTER THE ACCIDENT.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAK.



Sir M. Foster.

Lord Salisbury.

Sir W. Huggins.

The Prince of Wales.

THE PRINCE OF WALES ADMITTED A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY BY SIR WILLIAM HUGGINS, FEBRUARY 6.
DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

"I do, by the authority and in the name of the Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge, admit you a Fellow thereof!"

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. IV.: EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE CEREMONY AT WINCHESTER ON EASTER SUNDAY, A.D. 1042.

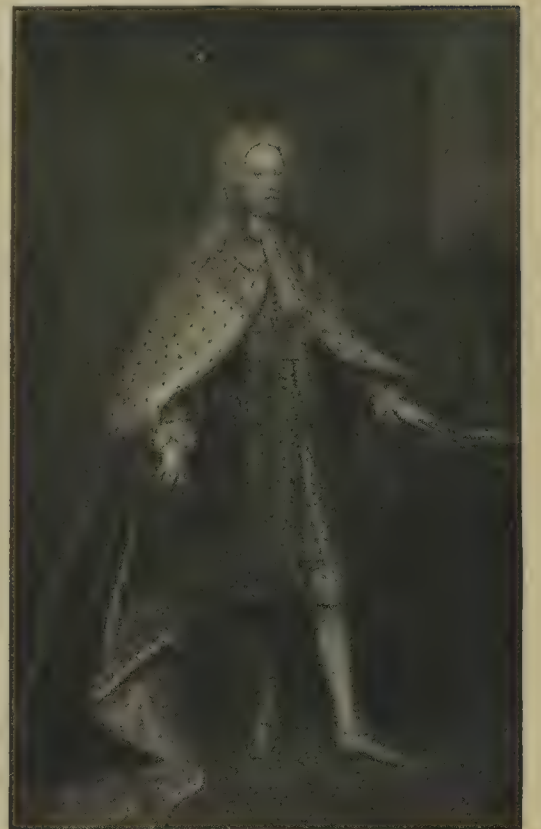
"THE MONARCHS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND" AT THE NEW GALLERY.



WILLIAM III.—JAN VAN DER VAART.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Corporation of the City of London.



EDWARD SEYMOUR, DUKE OF SOMERSET,
"THE LORD PROTECTOR."
Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. H. Dent-Brocklehurst.



GEORGE I.—SIR GODFREY KNELLER.
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ANNE LUTTRELL, MRS. HORTON, DUCHESS OF
CUMBERLAND.—THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.
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HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, DAUGHTER OF
CHARLES I.—P. MIGNARD.
Reproduced by kind permission of Sir C. W. Dilke, Bart.



MARY I.
Reproduced by kind permission of Major Anstruther Thomson.



JAMES I. AND VI.—C. JOHNSON.
Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. W. J. May.



EDWARD VI.—GUILLIM STRETES.
Reproduced by kind permission of Lord Aldenham.



HENRY V.
Reproduced by kind permission of Queen's College, Oxford.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE "DISCOVERY" FROM LYTTTELTON, N.Z., DECEMBER 21.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. W. LASTWOOD.



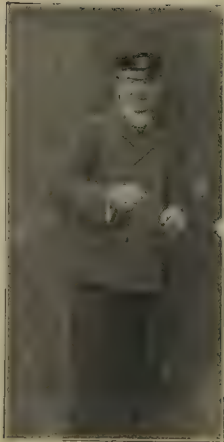
THE FIRST MAN TO ENTER THE CROW'S NEST.



THE LAST VIEW OF THE "DISCOVERY."



CALLING THE CREW TO DIVINE SERVICE.



MR. J. FORD,
PURSER.



BISHOP JULIUS AND THE REV. E. CHAMBERS,
WHO CONDUCTED THE FINAL SERVICE ON BOARD.



MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE DOGS ON BOARD.



THE PRETTIEST DOG IN THE PACK.



THE OFFICERS.



THE CREW.

THE LATE T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., AND NOTABLE WORKS BY THE NONAGENARIAN ACADEMICIAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. R. COLIN, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, UNLESS WHERE OTHERWISE SPECIFIED.



THE LAST WORK UPON WHICH SIDNEY COOPER WAS ENGAGED.
He worked upon it as recently as January 15, 1902. Intended for next Academy (unfinished).

TILBURY FORT, IN SIDNEY COOPER'S DINING-ROOM.
This work fills the entire end of the room. Cooper saw this group in 1851 on the Essex coast looking towards Tilbury, and made a view that, if spared, he would paint it when he was 80. He did so in 1883, and exhibited it at the Royal Academy in 1884.

THE FATHER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.
BORN, SEPTEMBER 26, 1761. DIED, FEBRUARY 7, 1902.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

UNFINISHED PICTURE, INTENDED FOR NEXT ACADEMY: CATTLE BY THE SIDE OF STREAM.

PICTURE COMMENCED IN 1848 (TREES, ETC.) AND FINISHED ON THE ARTIST'S 98TH BIRTHDAY (CATTLE, ETC.)
LANDSCAPE BOUGHT BY THE CHANCERY TRUSTEES, NOW IN THE TATE GALLERY.
Photograph by Ellis and Hayward.

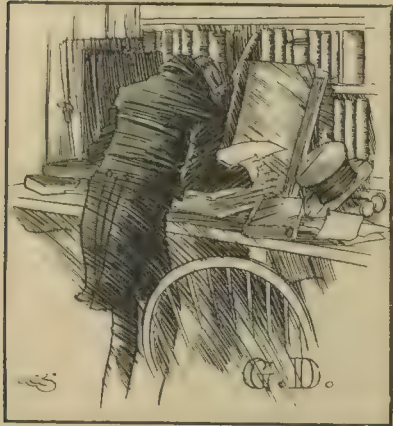
LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Frederick the Great on Kingcraft.* By Sir J. W. Whittall. (London: Longmans, Green. 7s. 6d.)
- The Benefactress.* By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
- "*The Great Solemnity of the Coronation of the King and Queen of England.*" By Douglas Maclean, M.A. (F. E. Robinson. 12s. 6d.)
- Marietta.* By F. Marion Crawford. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
- The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen.* By Barry O'Brien. (London: Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d.)
- Caroline the Illustrious, Queen-Consort of George II. and Sometime Queen-Regent.* By W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. Two vols. (Longmans, Green. 30s.)

Sir James Whittall is President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Turkey. He is descended from a Byzantine family, and his grandfather, Charlton Whittall, of Smyrna, was a member of the old Levant Company, and one of the most conspicuous men in the Ottoman Empire early in the nineteenth century. His wife was French, and they befriended Marshal Savary, Duc de Rovigo, after the fall of Napoleon. Savary was concealed in their house at Smyrna for some time, then fled to England, and ended his days as Governor-General of Algeria. He allowed Charlton Whittall to make a copy of a manuscript which, he said, he stole from Frederick the Great's study at Sans Souci when he was there with the Emperor. This document was entitled, "Les Matinées du Roi de Prusse, Ecrites par Lui-Même A.D. 1764." It is well known to historians, and was denounced by Carlyle as a forgery. Its reputation rests upon Savary's testimony. He was, by his own admission, unfit to be a Marshal of France, and equally unfit to succeed Fouché as the head of Napoleon's police; but it is not easy to understand why he should accuse himself of theft without justice. Carlyle was indignant naturally, for the "Matinées," if really written by Frederick, show him in the light of the most brazen cynic who ever governed a kingdom. He makes judicious self-aggrandisement the only rule of life, and accuses himself cheerfully of systematic fraud and rapacity. His attitude towards religion is summed up in the saying, "It would be the acme of folly if a prince attached importance to mere trifles only made for the people." Politics are defined thus: "As amongst men it is agreed that to deceive each other is a criminal action, the obligation has arisen to look out for another term, which tones down the meaning, and it is the word politics which was infallibly chosen." Of literary men he remarks that "They are a people insupportable for their vanity," but often useful when they can be pensioned. There is a great deal more in the same vein, and none of it incompatible with Frederick's character. The translation is not good, but Sir James Whittall also gives us the original French. He supplements this work with some curious reminiscences of his own family. One of his ancestors had thirty-two children, "and at this present moment a near relative of mine, who is alive and hale, has 128 living descendants of her own."

"The Benefactress" is one of those rare novels that lighten the heart of the reviewer, and make him think for a few hours that life is worth living. Here is a book full of original observation, with fresh and spontaneous humour bubbling on every page, and written in that easy idiomatic English which not one novelist in ten thousand ever masters. Needless to say that the scene of the story is German, and that in her knowledge of German life and character the author has no competitor among English novelists. Her German types are handled with an impartiality that may not be entirely pleasing to critics in the Fatherland. "The Benefactress" might be described as a satire on the small fry of the Prussian nobility, and on the sentimental, Jew-hating, well-meaning, and eternally prolix Lutheran pastor in the country districts. It makes a sharp contrast



GROWN ALMOST INTO A BOOK.

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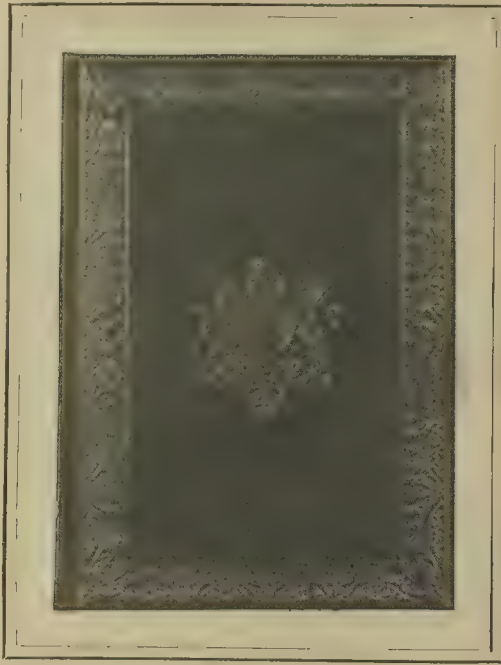
between the ideals and the education of our independent young womanhood and the normal lot of German women, although Anna Estcourt will scarcely be recognised as a very successful sample of womanly independence in this country, and her ideals may seem rather silly to most Englishwomen who have to battle with the world. Anna comes into a small fortune, bequeathed by a German uncle, together with a little estate in Pomerania. She conceives the unfortunate idea of making her house there a home for decayed gentlewomen. There were to have been twelve, but three proved to be more than enough for mortal patience. Two are scions of impoverished nobility, and the third is a plebeian widow, pretending that her late husband was "a man of letters," when, in fact, he was a postman. Anna's troubles with the trio are infinitely diverting, and the inevitable love affair is a providential rescue from mistaken philanthropy. That any Englishwoman of five-and-twenty could have been quite so simple as Anna is scarcely credible; but though foolish, she is always charming.

Those whose pleasure does not lie wholly in the present, and who, with Leigh Hunt, think museums "capital

places to go to, but not to sit in," may, with the aid of Mr. Douglas Maclean's book—

In pensive thought recal the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on ev'ry green,

without stirring from their chairs. As an object-lesson in the antiquity of the British Constitution alone, the book will repay reading, and the reading will be a pleasure rather than a task, for the author has not fallen into the mistake, common to so many historians, of making his work a mere dry-as-dust chronicle. The value of imposing pageant and ceremony at the crowning of a Sovereign, the formal recognition, as it were, by Church and State, has been acknowledged in all ages. Even Cromwell, from



COVER DESIGN OF "THE GREAT SOLEMNITY OF THE CORONATION."

THE DESIGN IS TAKEN FROM THE COVER OF THE LETTER IN WHICH GEORGE IV. PRESENTED HIS FATHER'S LIBRARY TO THE NATION.

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whom it might least have been expected, so far conformed to the popular idea as to be inaugurated Lord Protector with much of the pomp and circumstance attendant upon the crowning of a King. Not only did he walk in solemn procession from the Lords' House to the Hall of Westminster, accompanied by heralds and officers of State, richly dressed, habited with an ermine-lined mantle of estate, and girt with a sword of great value, but he also caused himself to be presented by "Master Speaker" with a "robe of purple velvet lined with ermine, being the habit anciently used at the solemn investiture of Princes," "a Bible ornamented with bosses and clasps, a rich and costly sword, and a sceptre of massy gold," in the presence of the members of Parliament, at least two foreign Ambassadors, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, the Privy Councillors, and the like.—It is with these pageants and ceremonies of "The Great Solemnity of the Coronation of the King and Queen of England" that Mr. Maclean deals lucidly and methodically, from the entrance of the Sovereigns into the Abbey to the recess after the service, discussing each point of the ecclesiastical and civil ceremonies in detail and giving a short history of the vestments and the regalia. The procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey; the banquet and feudal services; the progress through London to Westminster, discontinued since Charles the Second's time; the King's vigil, and so forth, are treated at length in a series of appendices; we can only wish that more space could have been devoted to the services performed on such occasions by right of hereditary office, and by tenure of land. The only real fault to be found with the volume is the absence of an index, a serious omission in a book of this kind. The binding, which is of dark blue straight-grain morocco, is a faithful reproduction of the cover of the letter written by George IV. on presenting his father's magnificent library to the nation.

Mr. Marion Crawford is a curious mixture of the artist and the journeyman. Sometimes he writes a story in which the artistic impulse is strong and sustained. Sometimes, as in "Marietta," he is manifestly indifferent to the quality of the work, and simply turns out so many pages. "Marietta" is purely mechanical. Mr. Crawford says he found the story of his Venetian glass-blower of the fifteenth century in some old archives, and gave it certain embellishments. He has not given it the slightest atmosphere of its period, or any spontaneous romance. The glass-blower is a Dalmatian who, by the laws of Venice, is precluded from exercising his craft within the confines of the Republic. He loves his master's daughter, is surrounded by enemies, and eventually overcomes all his difficulties. Not for one moment is he an interesting personality. He becomes a member of a secret society, which Mr. Crawford invents, and then makes ridiculous. A Venetian nobleman has bought a Georgian slave, a siren who deceives him for the sake of a brawny Greek pirate. This idea might have been strongly handled; but Mr. Crawford would not take the trouble. "Marietta" reads as if it had been written in the odds and ends of the author's time. It is wholly unworthy of him, and even of the market on which he throws the compositions that do such injustice to his talent.

In "The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen," the most strenuous personality of our time, from some points of view, has been presented to us in a series of snapshots by Mr. Barry O'Brien. As a pleader on the political platform and on the Bench, that strenuousness had its

full scope; and there it could be best studied and best appreciated. The mood in private life in which the Chief compelled a guest at dinner to swallow the champagne he did not want is curious in its way, but it lacks the environment that would make it intelligently intelligible to readers. Other episodes of like sort here recorded are reminiscent of the rollicking O'Connell, as he is described by Aubrey de Vere at a first meeting on the Dublin packet. "Steward, what time will we be in Liverpool?" "I expect—" "I don't want your expectations—name an hour!" "I might deceive you." "You would not—for I shouldn't expect the truth from you!" And so on in a sort of banter that is charged with gunpowder, and that does sometimes explode. The story of the boots of the betting-man taken off by their owner and thrown out of the railway-carriage window by Russell, and the record of the blow struck at a political opponent at Dundalk—these things are unexpected reading in a modern biography, and are even reminiscent of Gourlay in some aspects of that brute force of character which browbeat all Barbie. There is a story, told not here, that the late Samuel Pope, Q.C., was the only man at the Bar who called Russell by his Christian name: perhaps Pope's size gave him privileges; and even in a Hackney election when "Good old Charlie!" was shouted by someone in the crowd, the quick eye of the candidate was turned to discover the voter who offered a familiarity that was taken as an affront. But there was another side to Russell, the side that is shown in the letter to his daughter when she left home to take the veil; the side which declared itself in his bold speaking to financiers and in his plans for legislation of its lines; the side which, wherever seen, won him the confidence of juries, the homage of his colleagues, and of any audience he faced from the hustings or from his place in either House of Parliament. The tributes of the judges at the time of his death might well have been given in this volume. So good a lawyer as Mr. Barry O'Brien knows the value of evidence to character; and the day comes when the judge himself needs precisely that witness; for his eloquence as a pleader and his consummate management of cases can only be rated by posterity according to the impression they made on eye and ear witnesses. Mr. Sargent's amazing portrait of the late Lord Chief Justice forms a frontispiece to the volume; and it is, or ought to be, of real assistance to the biographer in the difficult task of making his hero and friend known to the man in the street.

The first ten years of the reign of George II. might aptly be termed the reign of Queen Caroline, since during that period it was she who really governed England with Walpole. Mr. Wilkins points this out in his preface to the two handsome volumes, embellished by many beautiful illustrations, in which he relates the story of the life of this remarkable Queen-Consort. Born at a small town in South Germany, the capital of a margravate that was the cradle of the Hohenzollerns, she passed her youth at the Court of Berlin, and married the heir to the Guelphs at Hanover at the age of twenty-two. Landing in England nine years later in the wake of George I., she at once became a power in politics as Princess of Wales. Then came the unpleasant quarrel between the two Georges, father and son, which she would no doubt have been able to avoid had it not been for the inept behaviour of her husband. Everyone remembers how Walpole rode furiously from Chelsea to Richmond, killing two horses on the road, as his offspring, who was given to exaggeration, would have us believe, to announce the death of the King to George Augustus, but only to meet with the ungracious, curt rejoinder: "Dat is von big lie," and to be told to go to Compton, at Chiswick, for his instructions. But Compton, unable to write the proclamation, had to fall back on Walpole; and while the former only offered the Queen an income of £60,000, the latter was willing to give her Majesty £100,000, and her royal spouse another £900,000, which made up the million. Strangely enough, this grasping monarch regarded Walpole with misgiving because of his notorious greed for gold; but the Queen met this objection with the cynical remark: "The old leeches will not be so hungry as the new ones, and will know their business much better." So Walpole won the day, thanks to his liberality with the public purse. Queen Caroline was a good woman and a most devoted wife. Undoubtedly she was the power behind the throne. The Defender of the Faith cared little about his British dominions. "I am sick to death of all this foolish stuff," he remarked on one occasion to his wife, when the Bishops had assumed an attitude that failed to please him, "and wish with all my heart that the devil may take your Bishops, and the devil take your minister, and the devil take your Parliament, and the devil take the whole island, provided I can get out of it and go to Hanover." The volumes of "Caroline the Illustrious" fill a place that has long been vacant in the history of the Georges and their Consorts, and will be read with lively relish by all who take an interest in that period.



THOMAS'S STOOP.

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TYPICAL RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIPS AND CRUISERS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the most instructive chapters which the geologist is able to write in the history of our Earth is that which relates to the action of rivers on the land, and to that of the sea on coasts. Both are illustrations of that great work of earth-sculpture which goes on relentlessly and unceasingly day in and day out, and from age to age. Through such actions—and in addition through the work of rain, frost, ice, and of the internal heat, exemplified by volcanoes, earthquakes, and movements of land—this “fine old world of ours” is being chipped and chiselled by the hand of Time. These agencies are really the fingers of Time’s hand, and they are wearing, eroding, and wasting our world with no unsparing or feeble effort.

It is the close observation of the effects of this earth-sculpture—seen equally in the action of the river and the silent downward march of the glacier—which shows the geologist how the world has been cut and carved into the shape and form we see illustrated in its surface-contours to-day. The knowledge of the present is the key to the understanding of the past. This is the motto of the modern geologist. He recognises that he lives in a world in which uniformity of action reigns supreme. The same forces which operated in bygone ages of our planet are hard at work to-day. There may be differences in degree, but there are none in kind, and so, proceeding logically in this way, he uses his knowledge of present-day cosmical actions as a guide to the history of their operations in past epochs. In this fashion is the science of geology built up upon a solid foundation by observation of the present-day world.

I have said that sea and river action presents us with notable illustrations of earth-sculpture. It does more, for it shows us also how from the ruins and débris from the wear and tear of the old world a new world may spring. The action of a river is not destructive only, it is formative likewise. The village brook and the stately Amazon carry out the same actions on the world. They cut their way through the land, they deepen their channels as they flow, they wear away from the land so much matter, and they finally transport that eroded material to the lake or the sea, in which they lose themselves. There the matter stolen from the land is laid down to form the rocks of the future. This is construction as opposed to destruction, and all the aqueous rocks of our globe, our limestones, sandstones, and many more, have originated in this way. They represent the ordered débris of past lands, deposited in lakes and seas, and finally solidified and upheaved to form a visible part of the earth’s crust.

These remarks have a special bearing upon a certain great work in land-reclamation in which the worthy burghers of Holland are about to engage. Everybody knows the big inland Dutch sea, so to speak, known by the name of the Zuiderzee. The Hollanders propose to increase their territory to the extent of 800 square miles by converting what is water into land; and they are prepared to spend over fifteen millions of pounds in the execution of this big national labour. Mr. W. H. Wheeler has given us some interesting details regarding this projected work, culled from one of our consular reports. In Holland and its history we find an excellent object-lesson in geology, in so far as that relates to the action of rivers in wearing away one land and in constructing another. Three big rivers are the foster-mothers of Holland. They are the Rhine, Scheldt, and Maas or Meuse. They have stolen in the past, as they steal to-day, matter from France, Germany, and Switzerland. They carry this multifarious débris to the sea, forming there a delta-land. Much is washed away by the waves to the depths of the North Sea, but what remains forms a dyke, and the wind-blown sand swept inwards strengthens the barrier and constitutes a natural breakwater 230 miles long, which keeps the sea from swamping the Dutch kingdom.

Inside this barrier the land has grown through the continued aid of the rivers, and constitutes a fertile soil, intersected by waterways everywhere. The reclamation of the land has continued ever since the ancient people, who first came to their sea-kingdom, found it advisable to battle with the sea. The windmills pumped out the water from the marshes and shallow lakes; and then steam appeared later on, to effect that end more speedily and effectually. Mr. Wheeler tells us that sixty years ago steam-power was first used to drain what was then Lake Haarlem. When this work was completed, the Dutch gained 45,000 acres of land, and 10,000 inhabitants people it to-day. The lake is now no more, and in its place we find the great market-garden which supplies Amsterdam with vegetable fare. The quotation is most apt that “by the skill and genius of man, there was driven from the bosom of the country a most dangerous enemy, and a province was conquered without tears and without bloodshed, the engineer taking the place of the general, and the navy that of the soldier.”

The Zuiderzee itself has a tragic history. Entombed beneath its waters, through a tremendous storm at the end of the thirteenth century, lie villages, and the islands of the Zee seen to-day are the remains of the inundated land. It is said that 80,000 persons perished in that inundation. The catastrophe of six hundred years ago it is now proposed to remedy, not by reclaiming the whole of the Zee, but a greater part of it, and again territory of large extent will be added to the domain of the Dutch Queen. The labour of making the enclosing dyke it is estimated will be accomplished in nine years, but it will be many years more before we see the completion of the whole work. An embankment eighteen miles long will be constructed from the north coast of Holland to the Friesland coast at Piaam, and it will bear a road and a railway on its top. It is in this way that man imitates Nature, and also overcomes her, by seizing on the river’s débris as a foundation, and by resisting the attack of the sea, which would sweep away what the rivers have bestowed upon him.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

H C (York).—The problem is quite right. If you will tell us what are the moves to which you cannot find mate in reply, we will try to help you.

L DESANGES.—Thanks for problem. The motto would do if we published mottoes with problems—but we do not.

C M A B.—We regret our mistake. The defence is Kt to R 3rd.

R BEE (Cowpen).—Thanks, it shall be examined. We will deliver your message if opportunity arises.

J SAFIER (Cape Town).—Your solutions are quite correct. For two moves the key-move is enough.

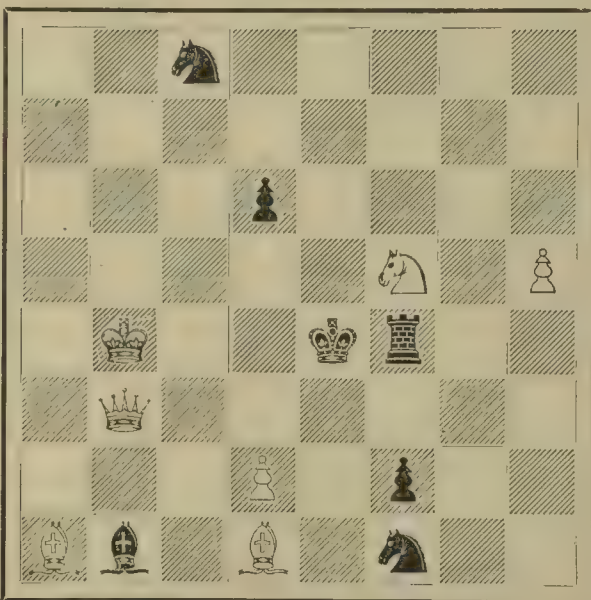
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3008 received from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon) and C A M (Penang); of No. 3009 from J Safier (Cape Town), C A M (Penang), and Richard Burke; of No. 3010 from Richard Burke (Ceylon); of No. 3012 from M A Eyre (Folkestone), Charles Burnett, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), J Bryden (Wimbledon), C Field junior (Athol, Mass.), White Rose, and J Bailey (Newark); of No. 3013 from W H Bohn (Ryde), C M A B, Raoul Imbert (Cannes), G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), J Bryden, White Rose, J Bailey (Newark), and F P Hopkinson (Leeds); of No. 3014 from Marco Salem (Bologna), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), John Kelly (Glasgow), H Le Jeune, Clement C Danby, White Rose, Raoul Imbert, Dr. R Smith (Warrington), C M A B, Eugene Henry (Nunhead), J Bryden (Wimbledon), W H Bohn, Thomas M Eglinton (Handsworth), and F B (Worthing).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3015 received from J W (Campsie), John Kelly (Glasgow), Edward H Johnson (Great Yarmouth), Eugene Henry, Dr. R Smith, Raoul Imbert (Cannes), Joseph Willcock, L Desanges, F W Moore (Brighton), Sorrento, Thomas M Eglinton, Charles Burnett, Clement C Danby, Reginald Gordon, Graham Parry (Kensington), C Slade, Edith Corser (Reigate), W von Beverhondt, T Roberts, Frank William Atkinson (Crowthorne), J Stanley James, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J Hall, W Combes (Wandsworth Common), E S (Holbeach), Albert Wolf (Putney), Martin F. Walter C Bennett (Windsor), Charles Hibbert, J F G Pietersen, F Dalby, W J Barne (Nunhead), Laura Graves (Shelton), The Tid, Shadforth, W A Barnard (Uppingham), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Hereward, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), R Worters (Canterbury), W Kedgley (Forest Gate), Alpha, W D Easton (Sunderland), F J S (Hampstead), G W W (Exeter), Frederick Hunter (Cheltenham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), M Hobhouse, R Lovell, Cranch (Monmouth), E Cornish, C M A B, H S Brandreth (San Remo), Mary J Massey (Manchester), C D Brown (Whitehaven), Gilpius Harting, F B (Worthing), J F Moon, and G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3014.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K 5th B or P takes Kt
2. P to K 3rd Any move
3. Mates.
If Black play 1. K to K 5th, 2. B takes P, and 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 3017.—By IRVING CHAPIN.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played between Messrs. J. TAUBENHAUS and A. ALBIN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Q R to Q B sq	P to K B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. P takes B P	K B takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	23. P to K B 3rd	B to Kt 7th
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	24. R to B 2nd	B to Q R 6th
5. Castles	B to K 2nd	25. R to Q Kt sq	B to B 4th
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	26. Kt to K 4th	B to Q Kt 5th
7. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	27. R (B 2) to B sq	B takes Kt
8. R to K sq	Kt to B 4th	28. P takes B	B to Q 7th
9. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	29. B takes B	R takes B (ch)
10. Kt takes P	Kt to K 3rd	30. K to B 3rd	R Q sq to Q 6th (ch)
11. B to K 3rd		31. K to B 4th	R to B 7th (ch)
		32. K to K 5th	R to Q sq
			Black plays directly for the mate, which seems practically unavoidable.
		33. R to K B sq	R to K sq (ch)
		34. K to Q 5th	R to Q 7th (ch)
		35. K to B 6th	R to Q 3rd (ch)
		36. K to Kt 5th	K to Kt 2nd
		37. R to B 7th	R (K sq) to Q sq
		38. R takes P (ch)	
			Only a last desperate resource. Black threatened R to Q 2nd, and then P to B 3rd, mate.
		39. R to K B sq	K takes R
			R to K B 3rd
			White resigns.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Mr. F. J. MARSHALL and Dr. LASKER,

the latter with Allies.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Dr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Dr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. R takes R	K takes R
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Kt takes P	B takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	23. R to Kt sq	P to Q Kt 4th
4. Castles	Kt takes P	24. Kt to Q 3rd	B to B 6th
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	25. K to B sq	R to K 5th
6. P to Q 5th	Kt to Q 3rd	26. R to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 5th
		27. P to B 3rd	R to Q B 5th
		28. K to K 2nd	P to Q 4th
		29. P to Q R 4th	B to B 3rd
		30. Kt to K sq	P to B 4th
		31. P to Kt 3rd	B to B 6th
		32. Kt to Q 3rd	K to K 2nd
		33. R to Kt sq	B to B 3rd
		34. Kt to K sq	K to Q 3rd
		35. R to Q sq (ch)	K to B 3rd
		36. R to Q 3rd	R to Q 5th
		37. R takes R	B takes R
		38. Kt to Kt 2nd	P to B 5th
		39. Kt to B 4th	B to K 4th
		40. K to K 3rd	B takes Kt (ch)
		41. P takes B	
			If K takes B, Black wins by P to Kt 6th. Otherwise anyone can win the interesting end game. The whole contest is masterly.
		42. K to Q 4th	
			Black wins.

Very wise calculations were evidently made at this and other stages of the game.

THE LATE THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

Mr. Sidney Cooper, who passed away on Feb. 7 at the great age of ninety-nine years, occupied the place of *doyen d'âge* among the Royal Academicians. Some twelve years ago he gave to the world a frank account of his career as an artist. What was most prominent in this biography was the steady determination of the man, who had started under disadvantages which would have discouraged those of a more sensitive nature, to achieve his own purpose. Never was the steadfastness—or, it may be said, the doggedness—of the men of Kent better exemplified than in the story of this gifted artist. Mr. Cooper commenced life under the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral. He was one of five children who were deserted by their father, and left to be brought up by the mother, who must have been endowed with many rare qualities to have held her independence under the circumstances. Thomas Sidney Cooper was called after Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, with whom an uncle of the artist fought at Acre. Shortly after that action the Admiral asked Cooper's uncle if there was any news from home, and was answered by Cooper that his brother had got a boy. "Then write home and bid them call him after me," said Smith. By the time the letter arrived, young Thomas had been christened, and the clergyman was obdurate as to any alteration, but a shilling to the clerk did the business. In 1803, the year in which Sidney Cooper was born, we were in the middle of the long Continental war; bread was 1s. 8d. per 4-lb. loaf, and often rose to higher prices. Still, his mother struggled on courageously, and managed to send her children to school; but doubtless they had plenty of spare time, for in those days there was almost as little eagerness on the part of teachers to distribute knowledge as on that of the scholars to receive it. Somehow, young Sidney, although at first only equipped with a slate and pencil, would occupy his time in drawing, and from the very first he was attracted by the beauties of the cathedral under the shadow of which he lived. A little later a touching passage in his autobiography tells how he was first stirred by the beauties of a twilight evening, and how he lingered in the meadows until long after the hour of his mother's frugal supper had passed.

Sidney Cooper, however, had opportunities of which few can now boast. He remembered George the Third's Jubilee in 1809, and nearly eighty years later he saw the pageantry by which Queen Victoria's was marked. He could recall the winter of 1812, and compare it with that of 1854, both alike marked by their extreme cold and by expeditions against Russia. He recollected thirty thousand men marching through Canterbury on their way to Waterloo, and Blücher with "little bits of black, like sticking-plaster, on his face." At this time Cooper was apprenticed to a coach-painter, who seems to have treated him with kindness.

At length, in 1820, an uncle—"un oncle d'Amérique," as our neighbours would say—appeared from Clerkenwell, and Sidney Cooper, then just seventeen years old, was to be taken to London and to have such opportunities as the British Museum and the Royal Academy afforded. He began well, and his drawings attracted the notice of Fuseli, who was then Keeper of the Royal Academy; but, unfortunately, his studentship was cut short by the reverses which his uncle had to sustain. Cooper returned to Canterbury, and attempted to earn his living as a drawing-master. A fellow-teacher, who was a Frenchman, either to have Canterbury left open to himself, or out of really friendly feeling, suggested the Continent as offering a better chance. Cooper at once seized upon the idea, and, packing his few things together, started for Calais, armed, like Goldsmith, with a flute. He had, however, no need to have recourse to its aid for self-maintenance. He painted his way from Calais to Brussels, stopping at villages and wayside farmhouses to paint portraits, thus earning sufficient to enable him to make longer halts in the larger towns. At Brussels wonderful good luck befell him, and, notwithstanding his ignorance of any language but his own, he managed to get a number of pupils, and, instructing others, learnt much from Eugène Verboeckhoven, whose influence on him was never effaced.

The Revolution in the Low Countries forced Cooper to return to London, where he began life again, but with a wife and child to support. His indomitable energy and pluck never deserted him, and his sense of independence never allowed him to be a burden on others. He sold drawings to the dealers for five shillings apiece. Cattle were his principal subjects, and the droves which in those days passed his lodgings on their way to Smithfield or peacefully grazed in the Regent's Park furnished him with models free of expense. In 1833 he sent his first picture to the Suffolk Street Gallery, where it had the good fortune to attract the notice of Mr. Robert Vernon, from whom he received a commission to paint a picture which now forms part of the collection bequeathed by that generous art-benefactor to the National Gallery. Cooper, emboldened by this success, soon began sending pictures to the Royal Academy, among which the most noteworthy were "A Farmyard—Milking Time" (1834), "Cattle—Early Morning" (1847). In the meanwhile, in 1845, he had been elected an Associate, but he had to wait until 1867 before receiving the full honours, and his diploma picture, "In the Meadows at Curfew Hour," was deposited in 1870, and will rank as one of Mr. Cooper's most characteristic works. He found patrons in all ranks, and none showed him more discriminating favour than her late Majesty and the Prince Consort, by whom he was commissioned on several occasions to paint portraits of the cattle and animals in the royal parks and farms. Among his more ambitious works, in which he reached a higher range of landscape effects, are "A Passing Shower," "The Noonday Drink," "Children of the Mist," "A Summer's Sunny Evening," and "Amongst the Rocks," but these are only a very small number out of the hundreds of pictures which with indefatigable industry he had produced for nearly eighty years. He had hoped to see his usual eight pictures in the Academy of his hundredth year, but it has been ordered otherwise.



SHETLAND PONIES.

DRAWN BY I. DOUGLAS.

LADIES' PAGES.

Mr. Pett Ridge humorously suggests that the reason why women are more successful in literature nowadays than they were of old time is that we of this generation write a better and more legible hand than our mothers. Once upon a time, he suggests, the spider-like, intensely sloping "lady's hand" that was taught to girls was so irritating and difficult to read that publishers and editors declined the undertaking altogether, and returned unread to the writers many a brilliant piece of literature that would have been joyfully accepted if it could have been readily perused, and that would have brought its author fame if published. This certainly is a quaint explanation of an undoubted truth, to which Mr. W. L. Courtney seriously invites attention in a review of the fiction of the year 1901. It was a woman's year in fiction. "In the higher and more serious levels of artistic creation," he observes, "the past twelve months have illustrated the activity of women." After referring at length to the works of "Lucas Malet" (Mrs. Harrison—one of the Kingsleys), "Zack," Mrs. Voynich, and Miss Mary Wilkins, this famous critic continues: "Objections exist, no doubt, to this reign of the feminine spirit in the literary sphere. There is a partiality of vision, an intense pre-occupation with certain aspects, something still left of that angry scream with which women leapt on the platform in defence of their undoubted rights. But the historian of the passing months must take the world as he finds it, and he is bound to chronicle, with regard to 1901, that the remarkable element is the resolute handling of the facts of life by the acute and penetrating intellect of women." He proceeds to define the general characteristic of these works as an intense appreciation of the suffering of the world and the expression of a conviction that an undue share of its misery falls upon women. However that be, the recognition by so eminent a critic of the power and interest of the work of the women fiction-writers of the day deserves attention.

It is interesting, too, that Mr. Courtney should go so far to disprove the tradition that led "Currer Bell," "George Eliot," "George Sand," and some other women of less note to take to themselves masculine names as a means of getting a fair judgment from critics. Charlotte Brontë has recorded that she and her sisters deliberately chose names that might be taken as male ones in order to escape the sneering praise of the condescending critical observations that men employed towards women writers in her day. Perhaps women have not altogether lost that impression. "Lucas Malet," "Zack," "John Oliver Hobbes," "Ralph Iron," and the various "Georges" of fiction who have followed the famous two named above, must have shared it when they selected their pseudonyms. Whether any justification now remains for the suspicion that a more unbiassed opinion is gained by this means, I will not attempt to say.



EVENING DRESS OF BROCADE AND CHIFFON.

But one thing is certain, that the day of open jeers and galling patronage of women writers as such has passed, and that no responsible critic speaks less seriously and carefully of a woman's book just because it is a woman's work—in fiction, at any rate.

Since women have succeeded so well in novel-writing, it is not strange that some of them have recently tried the sister art, dramatic writing. Mrs. W. K. Clifford ("The Likeness of the Night"), Mrs. Craigie ("The Ambassador"), Mrs. Clairemont ("The Canary"), Miss Clo Graves ("The Mother of Three"), and a few others have had some success already; but a great woman playwright is still to come. It is noteworthy that the women's plays have frequently been accepted by the women managers—Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mrs. Kendal having given the best chances to their literary sisters. Historically, women playwrights were perhaps the precursors of women fictionists: Mrs. Aphra Behn, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Inchbald, Joanna Baillie, and a few others were popular dramatic authors of more important standing than the lady novelists of the same period. So there is no reason in the nature of things why a woman should not score a great success in this branch of letters in the future. Mrs. Madeline Lucette Riley's "Mice and Men" in its genre is excellent, and as it is not her first success, she may be said to bid fair to make herself famous in this department if she continues her work.

This is the hibernating season of Dame Fashion. Riviera toilettes, with their inevitable forecasts of spring, are the only ones that are just now to be regarded as possessing any spice of novelty. But before I proceed to describe some of the toilettes that I have seen prepared for the sunny shores of the South, I will answer inquirers who address me now and then to ask what they ought to take on this delightful journey away from the murky climate that distinguishes dear Mother England. In the first place, it must be understood that it is often very chilly even in the South of France. Warm wraps, then, are a necessity; for it is sometimes so bitterly cold, especially towards sunset, at Nice and Cannes, that without the possibility of wrapping up, one would have simply to stop under shelter. But this is alternated with days of mild and sunny sweetness, and even on the cold days the sun, as a rule, shines so brightly in the best part of the morning as to render furs uncomfortable. A warm coat, even a fur one, is desirable for certain times, therefore, while one needs also a lighter wrap for midday—say, then, for choice, a sealskin or sable coat and also a tan or a fawn or a white cloth one, with the addition of a fur tie. But on the journey from Paris to the Midi the railway-carriages are kept insufferably hot, so one must not be too heavily clad; a good wool-material tailor-made dress that is warm enough with the assistance of a travelling-coat

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"TRUTH IS THE ROOT BUT HUMAN SYMPATHY IS THE FLOWER OF PRACTICAL LIFE."—Chopin.

THE MORAL.

"I need not be missed if another succeed me;
To reap down those fields which in spring I have
sown.

He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by
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He is only remembered by what he has done."

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of box-cloth or a cape to encounter the occasional exposures of a long journey involving frequent changes of carriage and boat, will be useful all the time, and adequate for the journey. A tweed or serge or face-cloth may be chosen for the travelling-dress. The best colour is beige or grey; brown is very good too. Black is not a good travelling-dress colour; for while it does not show actual dirt, it does get dusty and seems to hold on its surface every scrap or shred of rubbish that it encounters. Blue of the navy order, or rather lighter, is also popular for travelling-costumes. A very comfortable hat should be chosen, one that does not project too far at the back for the head to be rested; and it should be slightly trimmed, with a quill or wing, and just a bow of spotted silk or panne. Personally, I like to travel in a straw at any season, for lightness, but felt is doubtless the more stalwart, and therefore the most useful. As to the gowns to take to wear in the South, a few smart silk and lace blouses for table-d'hôte and evening wear are needed, and as many really nice walking and afternoon gowns as circumstances permit—some warmer than others among the stock. The sunshine and the smart get-up of everybody else make one's half-used, crumpled, or *passé* gowns impossible. It is not indispensable to be one of the smartest, though, and plain cloths, voiles, grenadines, and woollen materials, if fresh and nicely made, are all that is required.

Now to the smarter attire that is the fruit of the budding imagination of the Parisian modiste catering for the South with a prospective eye to the spring fashions. To begin with, the skirts are still cut to fit very closely to the top, and to sweep out gracefully round the feet. They are perhaps not quite so long and swirling as they have been, but they are decidedly still trained. One model, in that soft, supple cloth known as "suede-cloth," was in a delicate brown shade; the skirt was cut to flow out at the lower portion without being exactly flounced; round it, at the point where the fullness began, ran a two-inch band of embroidered galon in a darker brown ground shade with gold heavily worked into it. Save for this the skirt was plain. The bodice was a bolero, short at the back, buttoning double-breasted down the front, and having points that came well below the line of the waist, the buttons being very ornamental, in a sort of cut-out mother-o'-pearl worked with gold. At the back the bolero was cut up to show a deep belt of brown suede worked with gold, and the opening made by the cutting out of the cloth was laced over the belt with pale blue silk lacing, the cuffs



RECEPTION GOWN IN SATIN AND LACE.

and turn-down collar and revers were then of blue panne. The belt not being blue, but brown and gold suede, gave a great touch of distinction to the gown. Round the neck, under the turn-down collar, was a cravat of Alençon lace, passed on the bosom through a turquoise slide, the ends falling down the front of the bolero.

We do not make a rage for any one colour here as they do in Paris, but some tints are easily discerned to be popular among us at different times. Up to the present, a great many smart gowns have been seen in the various shades of violet or purple, because women of position who may have to meet members of the royal family preferred not to be clad in gay colours while the half-mourning of the heads of society was not put off. White, little suited though it be for our winter climate, has nevertheless been much chosen lately for smart visiting-gowns, perhaps with a prospective wisdom looking towards the Riviera, where white cloth is both fashionable and suitable, and where many of those dresses are even now displaying their beauty. Brown, being last year's favourite in Paris, has also found favour here this season, for it is our custom to follow Paris about a season behind. Green is this winter's Paris mode, so we shall walk in green attire next autumn.

A couple of charming evening gowns are sketched by our Artist this week. The first has a bodice formed of brocade, the front and revers being daintily embroidered with silver. The lace, which is arranged round the décolletage something after the manner of a fichu, is drawn down each side of the vest, under diamond buttons, the ends falling below the black velvet waistbelt. The edges of the elbow-sleeves are finished by a deep fall of lace headed by velvet ribbon. The skirt is of chiffon, trimmed by means of bands of wide lace. The second costume sketched is constructed of pale-blue satin. The bodice is trimmed with embroideries in silver and turquoise, while the deep swathed belt, with its bows and long sash ends at the back, is of white satin. The skirt is of the pale-blue satin veiled with two graceful flounces of lace. The fichu is caught at three points by buttons, which can be either silver or brilliants. This arrangement gives a charming variation of outline.

As reliable cooks seem to be becoming so scarce, it is fortunate that the resources of civilisation to some extent compensate for lack of skill. Thus, with the aid of "Lemco," which, as most housewives are aware, is the distinctive name now given to the produce of the Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, a mere novice can turn out tasty dishes if guided by reliable recipes. It is, therefore, pleasant to learn that the Liebig Company are now distributing copies of their handy little manual entitled "The Lemco Cookery-Book." This volume should find a place in every kitchen, so if my readers have not received a copy by the end of February they should write for it to Lemco, 9, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.

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FILL-DYKE MONTH WEATHER-LORE.

As might only be expected with a month which plays such an important part in the agriculture of the year as does February, there is a considerable amount of weather-lore associated with it, a large portion of which deals with the disasters that will attend the ensuing ten months should February turn out dry and warm. Superstitious lore also takes the form of condemnation of warmth during these twenty-eight days as its motive, it being looked upon as a malicious device of winter to force on the growth of the year so that it may be cut off by the frosts and cold winds of March and April. As is pretty generally known—at any rate, in the country—February is looked upon to fill up the ponds and ditches of the fields and countryside—hence the name of "Fill-Dyke Month," which it has almost from time immemorial borne, and any other condition than a cold and wet one is universally and emphatically condemned.

If there is any truth in weather-lore, the past month of January, on account of its general mildness, it being only really cold in the closing days, should betoken an unsatisfactory year, as an old proverb says if there be no snow in January there will be the more in March and April. Those who welcome a warm and sunshiny February, and persuade themselves into the belief—which may be father to the hope—that the winter is departing, should pause in their self-satisfaction, for such a condition of things is invariably sad and disastrous, and they would do well to wish for the cold and heavy fill-dyke showers.

Turning to the lore, which is both rich and full, associated with the second month of the Christian year, we find that one of the oldest proverbs in this country says—

All the months in the year
Curse a fair Februer.

A Welsh saying runs, in the same connection, thus—

The Welshman had rather see his dam on the bier
Than to see a fair Februer;

while German farmers say, "One would rather see a wolf in February than a peasant in his shirt-sleeves." Spain, more allegorical than the colder northern climes, avers that "Mad February takes his father into the sunshine and beats him," and in France it is said that "It is better to see a troop of wolves than a fine February," all of which point to the same objection to fine weather during this month. Other English proverbs referring to the peculiar characteristics of the month run—

February fill the dyke.

Weather either black or white.

February fill dyke, be it black or be it white;
But if it be white, it's better to like.

February fill ditch,
Black or white, don't care which;
If it be white,

It's the better to like.

the black or white in the preceding referring to rain and snow. In Scotland there is a saying that

In February o' a favoured year
Nae paddock suld croot nor croon,
But rampin' showers o' hail and sleet
Come rakin' o'er the moon.

And in Tweedside the local jingle runs—

February, an ye be fair,
The hogs 'll mend, and neething pair;
February, an ye be foul,
The hogs 'll die in ilka pool;

which is somewhat in contradiction of the English belief. In Surrey, isolated fine days are known as "weather-breeders," and are considered as certain to be followed by a storm; and in the same county it is believed that if bees get out in February, the next day will be windy and rainy, a local proverb running—

February singing,
Never stints stinging;

while another saying is that "when gnats dance in February, the husbandman becomes a beggar"; and in Cornwall they have a similar belief that "if in February the midges dance on the dunghill, then lock up your food in the chest," as it will be wanted; and in the same county they say, "A February spring is not worth a pin."

Leaving our own country for the nonce, we find that in Spain and Portugal they have a rhyming couplet which runs—

If in February there be no rain,
'Tis neither good for hay nor grain.

In France they say that "February rain is only good to fill ditches," and that "February rain is 'as good as

"How use doth breed a habit."



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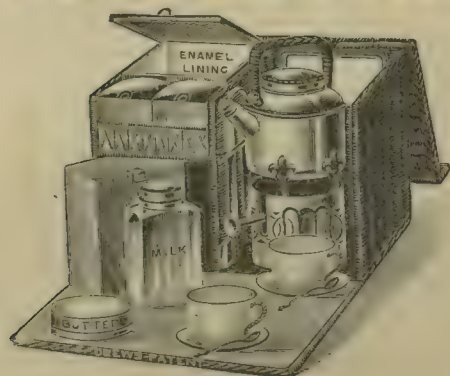
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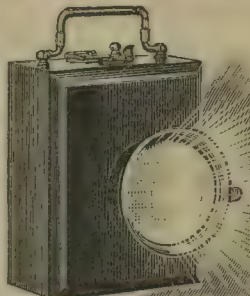
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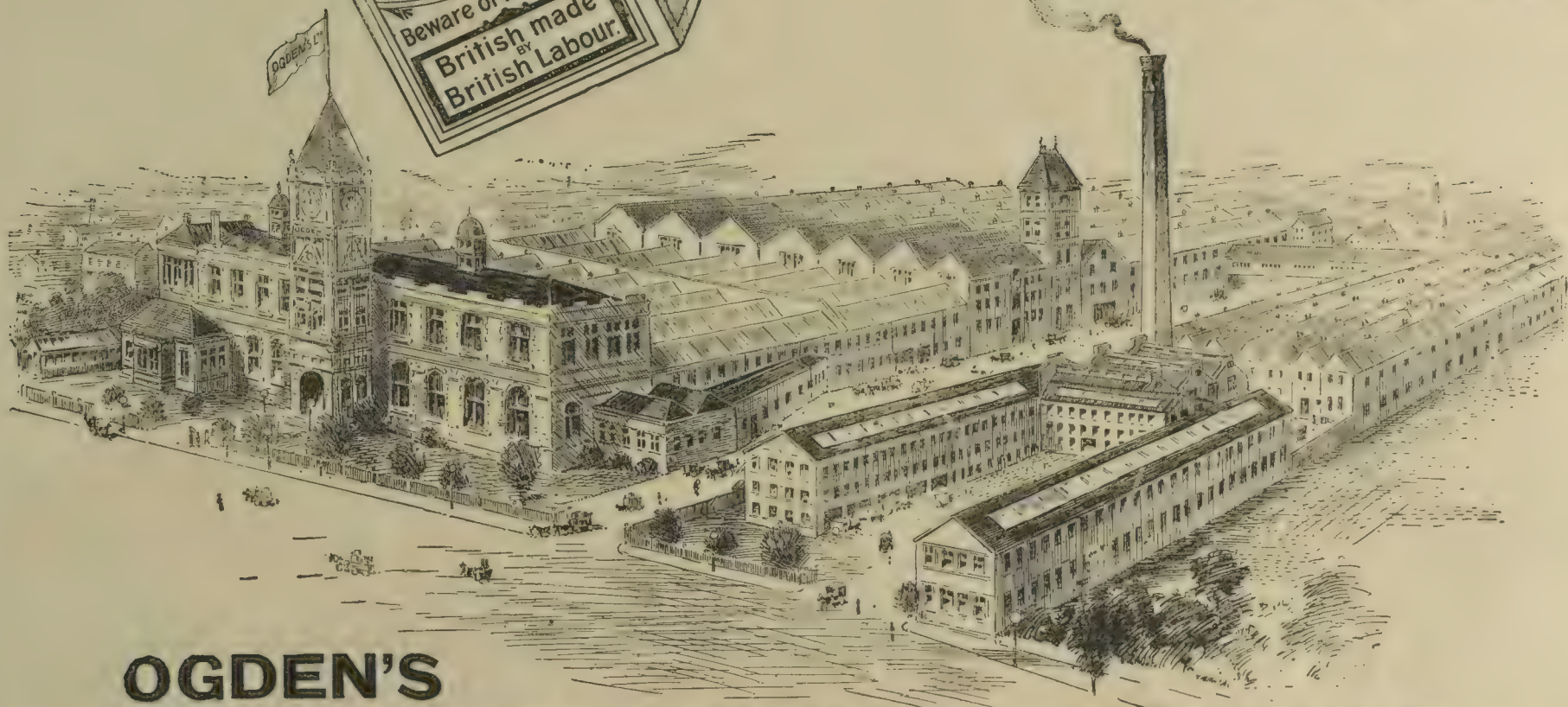


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manure." In Spain it is claimed that "when it rains in February, it will be temperate all the year." In Italy it is a belief that "snow which falls in the month of February puts the usurer in a good humour"; in Normandy that—

When February gives snows,
It fine weather foreshows;

and in France—

If February give much snow,
A fine summer it doth foreshow;

Snow in February

Puts little wheat in the granary;

and "a dusty March, a sunny February, a moist April, and a dry May presage a good year." Coming back to England, there is an old saying that "when the cat in February lies in the sun, she will creep behind the stove in March; and when the north wind does not blow in February, it will surely come in March," a state of affairs which experience tells us is tolerably true. Other old English weather predictions current on the country-side are: "Fogs in February mean frosts in May"; "For every thunder with rain in February there will be a cold spell in May"; "Violent north winds in February herald a fertile year." In the Isle of Man they say of the 1st, which is known as St. Bridget's Day, that "as long as the sunbeam comes in on Bridget's feast-day, the snow comes before May Day."—W. N. B.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1896), with two codicils (dated Nov. 17, 1896, and Aug. 9, 1898), of Mr. Edward Lewis Birkbeck, of Lexham Hall, Norfolk, who died on Oct. 12, was proved on Jan. 29 by Henry Birkbeck, the brother, Walter Somerville Gurney, and Charles Derick Seymour, the executors, the value of the estate being £300,930. The testator gives £1250, his household furniture, and an annuity of £2500 until his eldest son attains twenty-one years of age, and then of £1000, to his wife, Mrs. Emily Augusta Birkbeck; £250 each to his executors; and 2336 shares in Barclay and Co., bankers, subject to certain charges and trusts, to his brothers Martin and Geoffrey. The residue of his property he leaves between his children, the share of each of his sons to be double that of each of his daughters, but no daughter's share is to exceed £15,000, and the share of his eldest son is to be three times as much as the share of each of his other sons.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1900) of Mr. John Hunt Thursfield, J.P., of Charlemont Hall, West Bromwich, who died on Nov. 2, was proved on Jan. 2 at the Lichfield District Registry by Charles Joseph Thursfield and John George Thursfield, the sons, and Arthur William Hutton, the executors, the value of the estate being £85,958. The testator gives £200 and part

of his household furniture to his daughter Blanch; £100 to Frederic Messiter; and one eighth of his residuary estate, upon trust, to pay £80 per annum to his daughter Laura during the time she remains a sister or probationer of the Convent of the Holy Name, Malvern Link, or any similar institution, and £100 per annum to his daughter Blanch until she shall marry; but should his daughter cease to belong to any such institution, then the remainder of the income of such share is to be paid to her. Subject thereto, he leaves one seventh of his property each to his sons Charles Joseph, John George, Francis, and William Brunton, and one seventh each, upon trust, for his daughters Blanch, Mrs. Eleanor Shirlaw, and Mrs. Alice Mary Hutton.

The will (dated April 10, 1895), with two codicils (dated Jan. 21, 1896, and April 28, 1898), of Mr. Francis Trollope, of The Manor House, Upper Long Ditton, and of Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, 15, Parliament Street, who died on Nov. 19, was proved on Feb. 4 by John Evelyn Trollope and Andrew Harvey Trollope, the sons, and Ernest Radclyffe Crump, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £78,951. The testator gives £200, and during her widowhood an annuity of £1000, and the use of his household furniture, to his wife, Mrs. Florence Trollope; £100 per annum to Miss Mary Amy May Baker while a spinster; and £100 each to his

The Vinolia Works are as sweet and clean as a kitchen, because the manufacture is more like a culinary process than ordinary soapmaking. This is why rats and mice on the boats going abroad eat VINOLIA SOAP when they can get to it. It is best for the complexion.

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FIG. 1.

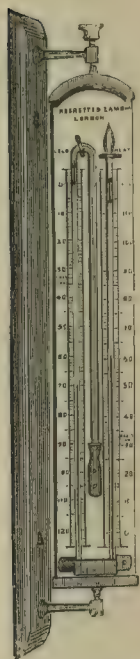


Fig. 1.—THE WINDOW BRACKET THERMOMETER, registering the extreme Heat and Cold, enabling the observer to read from inside the House the Temperature Outside.

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FIG. 2.

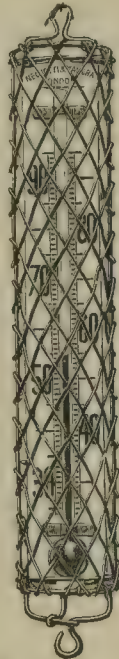


Fig. 2.—THE STABLE OR CELLAR THERMOMETER, well protected and very legible.

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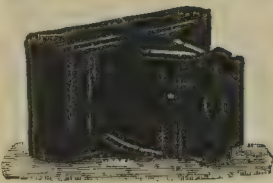
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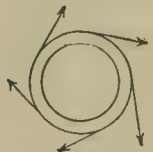
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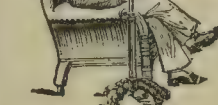
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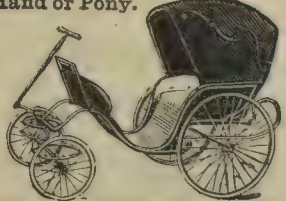
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executors. The residue of his property he leaves between his children.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1901) of Miss Elizabeth Mary Lloyd Roberts, of Bod Douwen, Rhyl, who died on Sept. 20, has been proved by Miss Elizabeth Mary Davies, Miss Jannett Williams, and Thomas Parry Jones Parry, the executors, the value of the estate being £24,774. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes; £1000 to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Orphan Homes; £1500, upon trust, for Eliza Anne Hughes and Laura Rose Ellen Hughes, for life, and then to the National Benevolent Institution (Southampton Row); £3500 to the Governors of Dr. Williams' School for Girls (Dolgelly), her freehold residence, and £2500 as an

endowment fund, for the purpose of founding a Home of Rest for single ladies, but should it be found impossible to carry out such scheme and place the Home on a proper footing, the house is to be sold, and the proceeds and the sum of £2500 shall go to the National Benevolent Institution for the purpose of forming a special fund, from the income of which annuities of from £20 to £40 shall be given to single ladies of fifty years of age and upwards who are connected with the principality of Wales by blood or work; £3000 to Elizabeth Mary Davies; £1000 to Thomas Parry Jones Parry; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves as to one fourth each to the Railway Servants' Orphanage (Derby), and the Royal Alexandra Hospital; one fourth between

William Lloyd Pritchard and Isabel Rudstone Read; and the remaining fourth between Myfanwy Foulkes, John Nathaniel Davies, and Hugh Henry Davies.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1898) of Major John Groaves Smirithwaite, of Normanton Rise, Holbeck Hill, Scarborough, who died on Aug. 16 last, was proved on Jan. 6 at the York District Registry by William Drawbridge, Henry Slade Childe, and Frank Alfred Tugwell, the executors, the value of the estate being £64,783. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his cousin, Hugh John Edward Marsden, and W. H. Stapley; £100 each to his executors; and the income of his residuary estate to his wife, Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Smirithwaite. Subject thereto, all his property is to be divided between his children.

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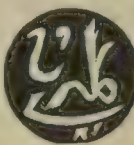
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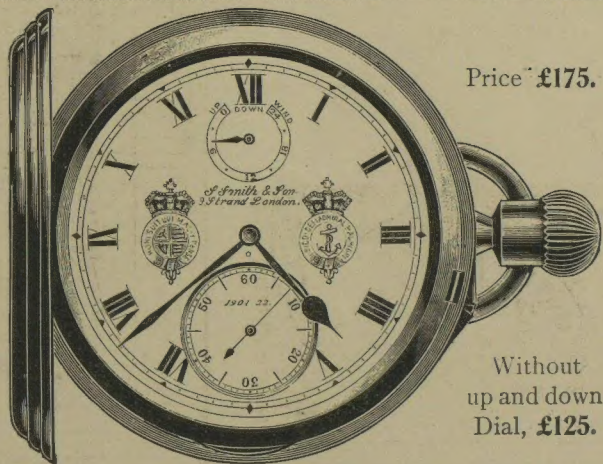
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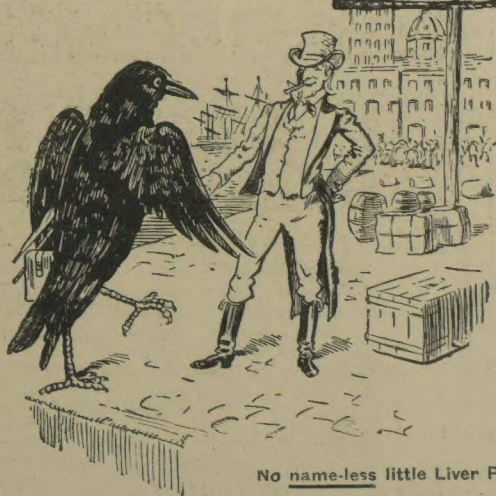
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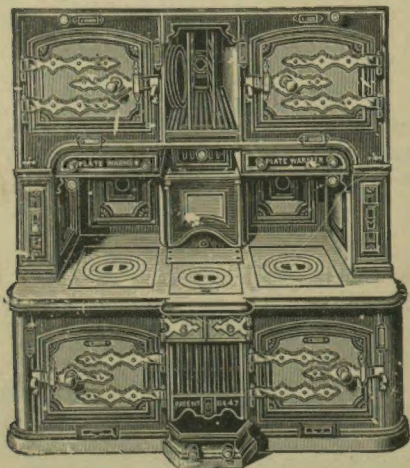
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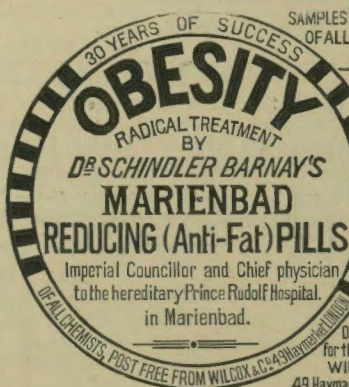
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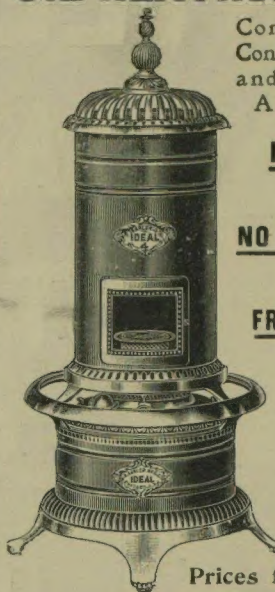
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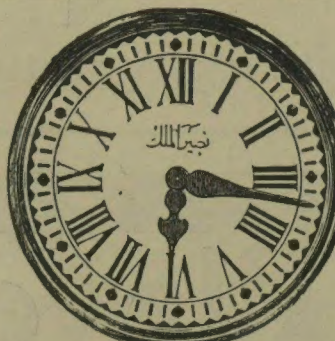


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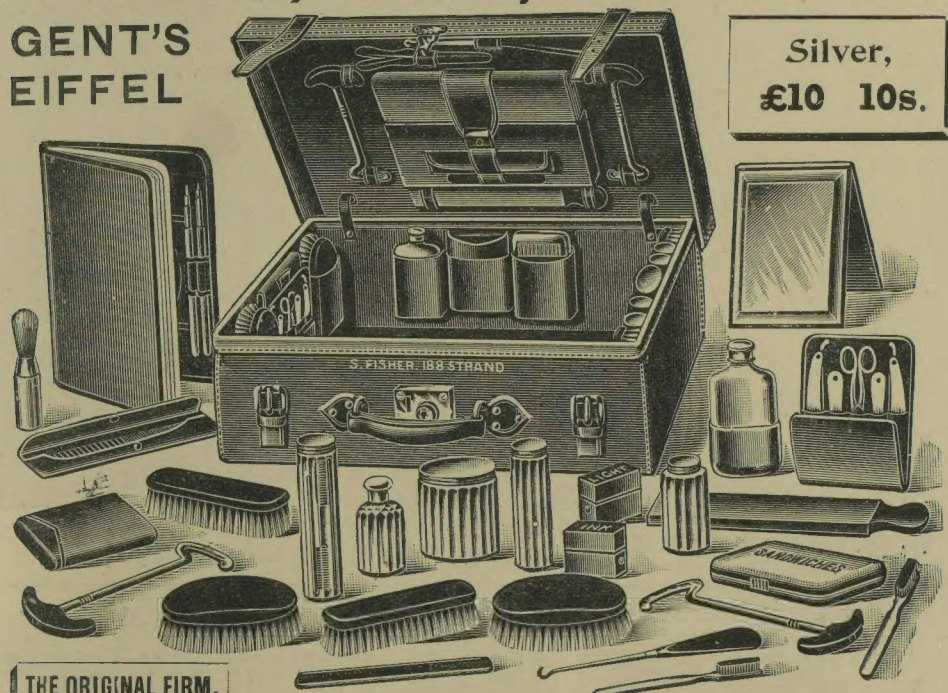
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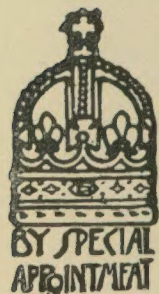
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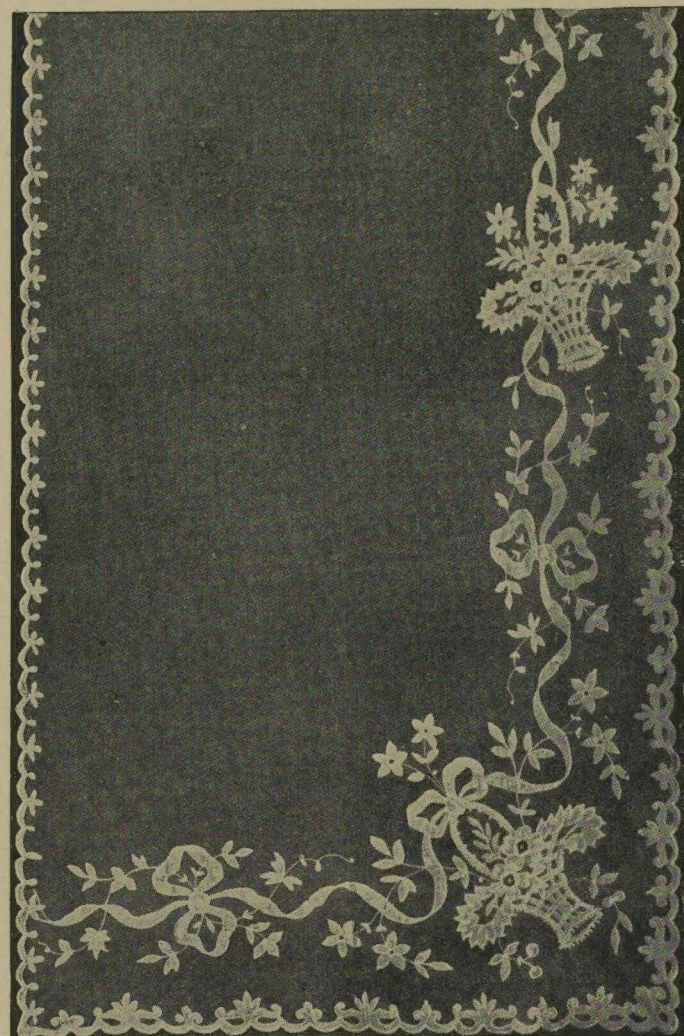
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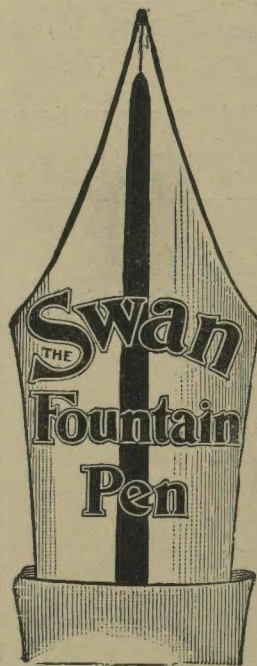
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